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THE QUEST OF YOUTH
A PAGEANT FOR SCHOOLS

By

HAZEL MACKAYE



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FOREWORD

The theme or story of the pageant is Youth's search for a school in which his threefold being—body, mind, and soul—may find release and fulfillment.

This fulfillment has been the purpose of education "down through the ages," however unconsciously or gropingly it has moved toward its goal. In the "school of to-day," however, there is no longer any uncertainty as to the purpose of education, even though there are many milestones yet to be passed before a perfected method may be found. To-day the goal is understood, it is no longer obscure; it is the unfoldment of every young soul into a well-rounded, healthy, happy, useful human being.

As will be seen, the pageant traces the history of education through elementary schools. This fact is likely to make the pageant more interesting to children than if any other phase of educational history had been interpreted, because schools are a part of every child's experience, and have, therefore, an immediate, objective interest for him. His interest in schools, whether of yesterday or to-day, is not academic; it is actual. In tracing the history of the different schools, those features in each epoch have been chosen which are most significant in relation to the history of education as a whole rather than to their own immediate time.

The pageant is devised for indoor performance where the words can be heard. The actual workings of so many different schools could not have been interpreted by pictorial means alone, so pantomime, which is the only safe way to tell a dramatic story in the usual outdoor setting, was not attempted.

There is but one setting, for the entire pageant. This kind of stage management is Shakespearean in that it asks the audience to accept the "convention" of merely suggesting the change of scene by a few changes in stage properties. The emphasis in the pageant, indeed, is placed rather upon its action and content than upon its visual interpretation, although this aspect may be elaborated to any degree compatible with historic accuracy and beauty.

Each school is a separate scene in itself. When the pageant is given as a whole, each scene will have to be cut. Brackets thus [] have been placed about those passages which can best be omitted from the text. It is hoped, however, that some, if not each scene, will be given separately as preliminary to the presentation of

the whole pageant. In that case, each scene could even be elaborated after research and study had been made.

Perhaps one of the most educational things about the pageant is the opportunity it offers for synthesizing all school activities, for the proper giving of the pageant necessitates the study of each country and epoch in all its many aspects of customs and habits, speech, geography, commerce, literature, art, etc. Machine shop, art class, sewing class, English, geography, history classes, etc., may all make of the pageant a creative and dynamic focus point for a good portion of the year's studies. All this makes the preparation of the pageant an essentially educational matter.

It is to be hoped, therefore, that the pageant will not be given as an extra curriculum activity but as an integral part of the school program. On first thoughts, such a plan may seem to be a good deal of an undertaking. But experience is proving more conclusively every day that "what is worth doing at all is worth doing well," particularly in regard to pageants. No pageant which enlists the participation of large numbers, however simply conceived or devised, can fail to demand a great deal of time and effort on the part of the few if not the many. But where a pageant is hastily "flung together" without adequate preparation, no one is really satisfied with the outcome, neither the participants nor the audience. After one or two such superficial performances, at least, people become weary, if participants, or bored, if the audience, once the novelty has worn off.

But where a pageant is prepared with care and the earnest co-operation of all concerned during an adequate length of time to perfect every detail, such a pageant lingers in the memory both of participants and audience as an event of significance and joy.

No apology, therefore, is made in stating that this pageant is one demanding time and care in its preparation. If a school is not in a position to undertake the pageant under these conditions it is urged that it be postponed until a time when it can be prepared adequately.

The fact that there are many adult parts in the pageant offers an opportunity for participation not only by the teachers but by the community as well. This, too, is an asset, for through the pageant the interests of parents and children are knit together in a vital and picturesque way. The pageant can not fail to educate the community as well as the school if it is presented as a truly worth-while undertaking, worthy of serious consideration by old and young.

In the appendix will be found a statement of each scene and the persons in it, together with general and specific suggestions for action, costumes, cast, stage settings, properties, make-up, lighting, dances, music, and organization. A bibliography is also appended.

THE QUEST OF YOUTH

A PAGEANT FOR SCHOOLS

PART I

ACTION 1

"THE GOLDEN AGE"

(The scene disclosed by the rising of the curtain is a portion of a green meadow on the edge of a forest. To the Left, the forest stretches off, dark and impenetrable. At the Right of the stage, rises a hollow tree, under whose spreading shade there stands a rustic bench. At the back, near the edge of the forest, a circle of rushes and forget-me-nots indicate the presence of a spring. In the distance, low, tree-shaded hills rise gently against the blue sky of a summer day.

For a moment after the curtain rises, there is no sound. Then a whistle is heard in the distance. It is some one calling, or perhaps it is a signal, for it is answered promptly by a similar whistle, louder and evidently near by.

Again the far whistle sounds, and again it is answered by the louder whistle, close at hand. Then a veritable chorus of whistles is heard in a medley of harmonies and simultaneously the figure of a youth enters, running fleetly. There is mischief in his smile. He pauses for a moment, looks about him, then, perceiving the hollow tree, he darts within and is hidden from view.

Voces are now heard coming nearer. "That was his whistle!" "He must be near by." "Look sharp now!"

Presently another youth enters, tanned and sturdy. He pauses in the Center of the stage, spies the hollow tree, places his hand gleefully over his mouth, and is about to creep stealthily toward the oak when a girl's voice, outside, calls, "Have you found him, Hector?"

The sturdy youth turns and shakes his head violently, at the same time placing his fingers to his lips.

There now enters from the Right, Psyche, a lovely little girl with flowing ringlets, dressed in tender shades of rose and violet. She tiptoes to the side of the sturdy youth, who points to the tree. The girl clasps her hands noiselessly and in glee. Then, together, they steal cautiously toward the tree. Now, with a great roar like a lion, the sturdy youth thrusts his head into the tree, crying "Found!" while the girl echoes, "Found!"

Whereupon, the first youth, who is within, grabs the tousled head of the intruder, shouting, "Beware of the tree spirit! He will behead you!" and there follows a rough-and-tumble wrestling match, the lads shouting merrily the while, until, with a deft twist of the body, the sturdy youth throws his assailant full length on the grass.)

Hector (pretending to be angry). Take that for leading us such a chase!

Psyche. Through a thicket of thorns! I nearly tore my garment to tatters!

Hector. Just like a girl—to think of her garment!. Only look at my legs! (He thrusts out a sturdy limb which has sundry red scratches on it.)

Psyche (all sympathy at once). O, Hector! Do they hurt?

Hector. Hurt? No! But what if they did?

Youth (who is sitting up and holding his sides with laughter). The rarest sport of my life! And you were so slow—like the tortoise!

Hector (playfully threatening). Slow was I!. Beware, then— (He shakes his fist at Youth, but the latter is too quick for him and is up and off in a twinkling as Hector chases him about the stage.)

Psyche. Enough, Brothers—please! I am tired with our game—"seek and find"—and would rest.

Hector. Ho! Just like a girl—to be tired.

Youth. Hush, Hector. How can you know what weariness means with your legs of oak! (He turns up stage and spies the spring.) But look! There's a spring.

Psyche (joining him by the spring). How lovely! Such dear, tender rushes and flowers. (Then she looks toward the forest.) But oh, the dark wood! I feel its bleak shadow.

Hector (coming to her side). Who cares for "dark woods" when a strong arm is by! (He bends his arm to show his muscles.)

Youth. Where are we, I wonder? We've come very far.

Psyche. Where is Mentor? He would know.

[Hector. Yes, he would tell us. Where is he? (They look off stage.)

Youth. Musing, I'll warrant.

Hector. Yes, measuring the distance and counting each stride.]

Psyche. Look, there he comes! I will meet him. (*She runs to meet the tall, serious looking youth who is entering from the Right.*)

Dear Mentor, Brother, why did you lag so?

Menton. I was thinking.

Youth and Hector (laughing in chorus). Of course!

Mentor (ignoring them). Of the reasons for things.

Hector. Reasons, forsooth! I'd rather turn cart wheels! (*He turns one.*)

Youth (by the spring). Can you tell us, Mentor, the name of this glade?

Mentor. I don't know its name, for I never was here before,

Youth. Perhaps it's the "spring glade." What think you?

Psyche. Oh, yes, the sweet spring! (*To Mentor.*) Come and see it. (*They go to the spring.*)

Mentor (looking in). Its sources are deep.

Youth. How can you tell?

Mentor. In spite of its clearness one can't see the bottom.

Youth (peering in). It is dark:

Psyche. And so still. Ugh, do come away!

[Hector (who has joined them). What you 'fraid of? It's fine—fine for sailing.

Youth. Yes, a sailboat of leaves.

Hector. I'll make one.

Psyche (forgetting her fears). And I'll weave a chaplet of rushes. (*She starts to pick some of the rushes.*)

Youth. And I'll find how deep it is, here, with this sapling. (*He breaks off a slim branch from the tree that bends near the spring.*)

[Hector. I'll soon have a boat for you. (*He is under the oak tree trying to find a suitable leaf from those on the ground.*)

Mentor. I'll wager your sapling will never reach bottom.

Youth. I'll wager it will. Now, all look while I try. (*They all stop their tasks and watch Youth, who slowly and gently thrusts the slim sapling down into the water.*)

A Hoarse Voice (without). Do not touch Lethe's waters!

Youth. Who spoke?

The Voice. Do not touch. I forbid you!

Psyche (looking off into the forest). Look who comes! I am frightened. (*She runs to Mentor, who puts his arm about her, while Hector comes to her protectingly.*)

(*Out of the wood, there stalks a grim and sinister figure, tall and gaunt. It is garbed in a black garment which shadows its face. In its hand it holds a twisted, misshapen staff. The figure pauses on the edge of the wood. Mentor and Psyche slowly withdraw to the Right of the stage, while Hector stands his ground. Youth stands transfixed by the spring.*)

Youth. Grim figure, who are you?

The Black Figure. I am Ignorance, lord of the Forest of Darkness.

Youth (coming to Hector's side). Ignorance, the Sorcerer!

(*The others echo, "the Sorcerer!"*)

Ignorance (advancing). And this is my spring. (*He points at Youth with a long forefinger.*) You have dared to defile it, to disturb Lethe's quiet, with your curious pryings. So my curse shall descend.

Psyche. Spare him, dread Sorcerer!

Mentor. What wrong has he done?

Ignorance. Lethe's waters are sacred—sacred to me. They must be left tranquil—tranquil forever, else the dark waters will flood my deep forest, undermining its roots and its thickets and destroying my Realm of Gloom and Forgetfulness. Youth, for this treason, to Lethe's spring and to me, your dear companions shall be torn from your side.

The Three Companions (coming to Youth). Never!

Ignorance. Beware my staff, for it is all powerful! (*He raises his staff.*) Obey its command!

(*The three companions pass their hands over their brows as though in a trance, then slowly, with eyes fastened on the Sorcerer's staff. they follow him as he steps backward—once—twice—thrice. The dread spell has worked.*)

Youth (who has watched them in horror). My Brothers; My Sister! If you leave me I die!

Ignorance. Nay, you shall live to search for them, ever.

Youth. "Search for them"? Where?

Ignorance (with an evil laugh). Where only the curious find reply to their questionings—response to their pryings—in the Schools of Mankind—down, down through the ages.

Youth. In the Schools of Mankind"? But I never have heard of them!

Ignorance (laughing hoarsely). So much the worse for you! But until you shall find a school wherein your dear playmates are restored to you in their true guise, and recognize you, they shall elude you—down, down through the ages. So, alone you shall live—ever searching.

[*Youth.* But Psyche—she is my life, my true spirit!]

Ignorance (backing away with his staff held aloft, the three companions following the staff in a trance). She will flicker and waver like a bit of bright flame.

Youth. And Mentor—my guide and my counsellor!

Ignorance (still backing away). Shall stagnate like water that's bitter, then again shall flow free.

Youth. But my Brother—brave Hector!

Ignorance. His body's young vigor shall wax and shall wane like the moods of the moon.] On, then, to your search of the centuries! In penance for your sin of probing the unknown.

(*Ignorance, with the three companions, disappears into the black forest.*)

Youth. (as he flings himself down on his face). Ah, would I could die!

The Hoarse Voice of Ignorance (faintly, without). On, on to your search! In the Schools of Mankind!

(For a moment there is no sound. Even Youth seems to be in a stupor of grief. Then a faltering step is heard, without, and presently, from the Right, a bent figure enters. It is a feeble old woman, with a bundle of faggots on her back, and a thick walking stick in her hand. Shuffling unsteadily, she comes to the Center of the stage, but draws back when she perceives the figure of Youth on the ground. She looks at him curiously, then touches him gently with the tip of her walking stick, as if to see whether he is dead or only asleep. Youth comes to a sitting posture, startled and frightened. He fears it is Ignorance.)

The Old Woman (in a cracked voice). Well, well, you can wriggle as fine as a worm!

Youth (still startled). What do you want?

The Old Woman. La, don't be frightened. I mean you no harm.

Youth (rising to his feet). I thought it was the Sorcerer.

The Old Woman. Sorcerer—who?

Youth. Black-hearted Ignorance. He has cast his foul spell on my brothers and sister, and I must search for them—ever. (*He buries his face in his hands.*)

The Old Woman. There, there, my brave lad, come tell me about it. (*She lays her hand on his shoulder. Then she twinges with pain.*) Ah-h, my back—it is broken! This pack is too heavy.

Youth (looking up). Are you hurt, granny?

The Old Woman. Yes. (*She places her hands on her back.*) Can you give me a lift, son? Help with these faggots!

Youth. Surely. Just let me take them. (*He takes the faggots from her back.*)

The Old Woman. Ah, that's a great comfort. Now come and tell granny what's made you unhappy. (*She hobbles over to the bench by the tree, where she sits down while Youth stands beside her, placing the faggots against the great oak.*) Tell me what's happened.

Youth. I touched Lethe's waters (*pointing*)—the deep, hidden spring there. But I had no idea it was sacred to him, to black-hearted Ignorance. Yet he came on us here, myself and my playmates, and cast his dread spell on my brothers and sister, tearing

them from me like the heart from my breast. Then he bade me search for them, search for them—ever, in the Schools of Mankind.

The Old Woman. And all for just touching the waters of Letho! My poor little lad! But courage! He says that there is hope of your finding your kindred, if you'll only search.

Youth. But where are these "Schools of Mankind" that he speaks of?

The Old Woman. Down through the ages—beginning with China. (*Looking at him keenly.*) [My lad, do you want your dear playmates with all your young strength?]

Youth. With all the soul of me! Psyche, my sister, spirit of my heart; Mentor, the mind of me; Hector who ran as I ran and strove as I strove!

The Old Woman. Would you like to begin your long search?

Youth. Ah, don't torment me! Only help me to find these Schools of Mankind.

The Old Woman.] They said, in the Olden Time, we shall have all we need, if we wish hard enough.

Youth (*clenching his teeth and shutting his eyes.*) Then I wish with all the breath in me—with all the life in me—to begin my long search!

(*In the distance, there is heard faintly the hum of many voices.*)

The Old Woman. Now, what can that be?

(*Youth opens his eyes and looks about him. The voices come nearer.*)

The Old Woman. 'Tis the language of China. Your wish has been granted! (*She looks off, Right. Youth follows her gaze.*) Only look at the schoolboys, with tables and all. Come hide in this tree, here, and watch for your playmates, for this is surely a School of Mankind.

Youth. God bless you, dear granny! Don't go very far, for I'll very soon join you with my beloved companions. I'll watch for them here. (*He hides in the hollow tree.*)

(*The Old Woman hobbles off, Right, with her faggots, looking very knowing.*)

ACTION 2

EARLY CHINESE EDUCATION

FIRST FIVE CENTURIES B. C.

(*The hum of many voices is heard coming nearer, and presently boys enter dressed in Chinese garments of various colors. Some of the boys carry low teakwood tables. All the boys are chattering gaily and seem to be in cheerful spirits. What they are saying is*

confused, as they all speak much at the same time, but the words can be distinguished now and then.)

Wang Chow. To-day we begin school after the Feast of the Lanterns.

Li Chang. What a good time we had at the feast! The lanterns were dancing and flashing as far as eye could see.

Pao Wen. All my family donned fresh clothes and went to the river to see the boats.

Lee Yuan. And all my family went to the hill top to fly kites.

Wen Hai. What a great crowd there was!

Chi Lo. How I wish the feast could last forever!

Kang Hwa. I wish it could, too.

Su Lin. It was harder than ever this morning to rise at dawn and come to school.

Li Chang. But we must not complain, for our honorable parents wish us all to be great scholars.

Another Boy. And become Mandarins and get rich.

All the Boys. Yes yes, we all want to become rich!

Li Chang. Be quiet, be quiet, I say! The Teacher is here.

(The boys become quiet as a grave-looking man, of cold and correct demeanor, enters, followed by boys who bring a low teakwood table and a mat of rushes. The Teacher carries a thick bamboo book and a Chinese calculating machine. On the table are a small bamboo box, with the black lacquer used for writing purposes, some camel's-hair brushes, and a stout piece of bamboo, for purposes of correction! Still another boy brings a lacquer tray on which are a tiny teapot and a diminutive teacup (without a handle). The boy places the tea tray on the ground near the Teacher's desk. The boys stand and bow as the Teacher enters. He returns their bow and takes his place by his table.)

The Teacher. How do my good pupils find themselves on this first morning of school after the yearly vacation of two weeks?

The Boys. Thy insignificant pupils find themselves well on this first day of school.

The Teacher. Now, you may prepare for the day's tasks. *(He seats himself on the mat, cross-legged, by the table so that he faces the boys. All the boys seat themselves in a similar fashion on the ground near the tables, which they have placed at irregular intervals about the stage.)*

The Teacher (placing the large bamboo book, bound in leather, on the table before him). I have here one of the Sacred Books—the gracious Book of Rites. [I desire that we begin the day with the recital of some appropriate teaching from this noble book, wherein

the young are instructed, by the venerable Master Confucius, in correct behavior and etiquette, in filial piety, and in reverence and worship of their ancestors.

Li Chang (rising and bowing). Kind Teacher, I would desire to repeat a most admirable lesson from the Book of Rites, if it would please thee.

The Teacher. State this lesson, Li Chang.

Li Chang (coming forward to the Teacher's desk and turning his back upon him). "Boys and girls who are still under age ought to rise from their beds at dawn and wash their hands and rinse their mouths and carefully comb their hair. They should then hasten to the bedroom of their parents and inquire if they are in need of any refreshment. If they are, they must at once proceed to the kitchen and provide something savory for them to partake of. They must stand by with heads slightly lowered in token of profound respect whilst their parents are eating the food they have prepared for them."

The Teacher. Thou mayst return to thy place, Li Chang, knowing that thou hast performed thy lesson well. (*Li Chang returns to his place and resumes his seat by the little table.*)]

The Teacher. The smaller boys will now take their bamboos and brushes for the lesson in character writing.

(*The smaller boys draw from their sleeves flat pieces of bamboo shaped something like a slate. They dip their brushes into the black lacquer which is (supposedly) in the little bamboo boxes on the tables, and raise their hands in readiness to write.*)

The Teacher. [Again] I give you most excellent maxims from the illustrious Book of Rites. First, I will repeat the phrase in the literary language, then you will repeat it after me, in accordance with custom. (*He reads from the bamboo book before him.*) "Wu-Pu-Chin."

The Boys (in unison). "Wu-Pu-Chin."

The Teacher. Which means, "Do not be impolite."

The Boys (in unison). "Do not be impolite."

The Teacher. You will each write upon the bamboo the characters for this most excellent maxim.

(*The boys, with great care, make a few strokes on the bamboo, writing in a column, up and down, beginning at the extreme right of the bamboo. When they have finished the column at the right, they begin the next column at the left of this. They write very small, as they have much copying to do.*)

The Teacher. "Yen-Jo-Szu."

The Boys. "Yen-Jo-Szu."

The Teacher. Which means, "Be as quiet as when thou art thinking."

The Boys. "Be as quiet as when thou art thinking."

The Teacher. You will write the characters for this most pleasing maxim.

(*Again the boys take the greatest pains in writing the characters.*)

The Teacher. "An-Ting-Tz'u."

The Boys. "An-Ting-Tz'u."

The Teacher. Which means, "Speak gently."

The Boys. "Speak gently."

The Teacher. You will write these characters also and then continue in quietness to repeat the writing with great care that I may find no flaw in any character.

(*The boys slowly and painstakingly write upon their bamboos, making short little strokes with their brushes. The Teacher pours himself a cup of tea and drinks it.*)

The Teacher. The older boys will now discuss with me the truths of our venerable philosopher, Confucius. You may come forward for the recitation. (*The boys rise and come forward to the Teacher's desk, where they bow and sit cross-legged in front of the Teacher's table.*)

The Teacher. Wang Chow, canst thou tell me anything that Confucius hath said in regard to the importance of the virtue of filial piety?

Wang Chow (rising and turning his back on the Teacher). When his pupil, "Tsze-yew, asked what filial piety was, the Master (Confucius) said, 'The filial piety nowadays means the support of one's parents. But dogs and horses likewise are able to do something in the way of support. Without reverence, what is there to distinguish one support from the other?'" (*He resumes his seat in front of the table.*)

[*The Teacher.* Poa-Wen, canst thou give another example of the Master's sayings on this most important virtue?

Poa-Wen (rising and turning his back). The Master hath said, "As they serve their fathers, so they serve their mothers, and they love them equally. As they serve their fathers, so they serve their rulers, and they reverence them equally. Hence, love is what is chiefly rendered to the mother and reverence is what is chiefly rendered to the ruler, while both of these things are given to the father." (*He resumes his seat.*)]

The Teacher (to the next boy). Wen-Hai, canst thou think of anything which the Master hath said about the Book of Odes in which there are 300 poems?

Wen-Hai (rising and turning his back). Confucius said to his disciples, "My children, why do you not study the Book of Poetry? The Odes serve to stimulate the mind. * * * From them you may learn the more immediate duty of serving one's father and the remoter duty of serving one's prince." (*He resumes his seat.*)

[*The Teacher.* In that connection, I will relate a story which I will ask you to remember and relate to me again. "Ch'in-K'ang asked Pih-Yu (the elder son of Confucius), saying, 'Hast thou had any lessons from thy father different from what we have all heard?' Pih-yu replied, 'No, he was standing alone once, when I passed below the hall with hasty steps, and said to me, 'Hast thou learned the Odes?' On my replying, 'Not yet,' he added, 'If thou dost not learn the Odes, thou wilt not be fit to converse with.' I retired and studied the Odes."]

Li-Chang (rising and bowing). Kind Teacher, I remember a verse from the Book of Odes which goes as follows: (*He turns his back.*)

When early dawn unseals my eyes,
Before my mind my parents rise.

The Teacher. 'Tis a most acceptable verse which I wish all my pupils would remember. (*To the next boy, as Li-Chang resumes his seat.*) Lee-Yuan, canst thou tell me any saying of Confucius on music, a subject which he deemed of great importance?

[*Lee-Yuan (rising and turning his back).* Confucius hath said, "Music produces pleasure which human nature cannot be without." (*He resumes his seat.*)]

[*The Teacher.* What other saying on the subject of music canst thou remember, Chi-Lo?

Chi-Lo (rising and turning his back). Confucius hath said, "Harmony is the thing principally sought in music." (*He resumes his seat.*)]

The Teacher. I will relate a story in this connection which I will ask you to remember and relate to me again. "When the Master was in company with a person who was singing, if he sang well he would make him repeat the song while he accompanied it with his own voice." And now which thinkest thou, Li-Chang, of all the precepts that Confucius left is the most important?

Li-Chang (rising and turning his back). The most important saying of Confucius is this, "Do not do to others what you would not have done to you." (*He resumes his seat.*)

The Teacher. Su-Lin, what dost thou consider next to this in importance?

Su-Lin (rising and turning his back). "Pity the widow and fatherless and give succor to brute animals." (*He resumes his seat.*)

The Teacher. We will now have the lesson in archery, for remember it is likely that each of you, when a young man, will wish to take the examinations for civil office which are held every three years by the Emperor, when there are many thousands of contestants. Unless, therefore, you study diligently from early youth the subject of the fine arts, which consist of music, archery, horsemanship, writing, and arithmetic, together with the rites and etiquette of family and civil life, none of you can hope to gain distinction as a scholar or become a Mandarin, the highest honor in Chinese life. So to-day we will practice archery. Place the target there. (*He points to up-stage, Right, near the wings.*) And bring the bows and arrows.

(*Wang-Chow and Li-Chang go out, Right, and reenter with the target. Su-Lin and Lee-Yuan go out, Right, and reenter with the bows and arrows.*)

The Teacher (to the boys with the bows and arrows). You may give the bows and arrows to Su-Lin, Wen-Hai, Lee-Yuan, and Chi-Lo, keeping them also for yourselves. The other boys will stand aside while these practice.

(*The boys whom the Teacher has named take their places, Left of the stage, and each takes his turn at shooting. The other boys look on and exclaim at the success or failure with which the archers hit the center of the target by crying "Good shot!" or "Bad enough!" as the case may be. The Teacher, as each boy shoots, makes a mark on his bamboo as though keeping a record of the skill of each boy.*)

The Teacher (when each boy has had his turn). 'Tis enough for this morning's practice. This afternoon we will begin with the lesson in arithmetic on the Souan-Pan or calculating machine. (*He holds it up.*) The lessons for the morning will now be laid aside for midday meal. The boys who were writing will place their bamboos upon the tables, where I will look upon them in my room near by, where you will now take the tables until your return for the afternoon, to remain, as usual, till sunset. You may take your departure—all of you.

(*The Teacher bows and the boys return his bow. He goes out sedately, Right, followed by the boys, who bring the tables, etc., meanwhile chattering briskly as they go.*)

Lee-Yuan. The hours went quickly this morning.

Wang-Chow. I shall be glad of a good bowl of rice.

Su-Lin. I am to offer sacrifice before the Altar of my Ancestors, at the Festival of the Tombs, when that time comes.

Wen-Hai. I, also, shall offer sacrifice.

The Other Boys. And I! And I!

Poa-Wen. My birthday is to-morrow.

Kang-Hwa. What gifts wilt thou be given?

Poa-Wen. I think my father will give me a dragon kite.

Chi-Lo. Last year my mother gave me a lantern for my birthday.

Su-Lin. I wish we could play and not go to school.

Li-Chang. That would be folly, for all Chinese boys must be educated.

Wen-Hai. And we can not be Mandarins unless we are educated.

(*And so their voices recede into the distance. Li-Chang, however, returns to get the target. Youth, who has come from the hollow tree and has been looking after the departing boys, wistfully, sees Li-Chang and eagerly touches his sleeve.*)

Youth. Wait, please, I beg.

Li-Chang. What dost thou wish, most agreeable stranger?

Youth (*peering into the other's face, then turning away sadly*). I thought for a moment that I knew you, but I was mistaken.

Li-Chang. Whom didst thou take my unworthy self to be?

Youth. I thought you were my elder brother, Mentor, for I was told he would be in disguise. But I might have known you were not Mentor. He would have found this a very dull place.

Li-Chang. A "dull place"—our illustrious school! Why the renowned Chinese are noted for their great scholarship. Twenty-five years is but a brief time for our young men to give to learning. We honor and respect our scholars almost if not quite as much as our parents, as any true nation should.

Youth. But how stupid to be obliged to remain so quiet all day and to be asked so many strange questions!

Li-Chang. If our schools are "stupid," at least they train us to be courteous! (*He picks up the target and flings away in anger, leaving Youth much abashed.*)

Youth. "Courtesy." He was right. I was not courteous.

ACTION 3

EARLY HEBREW EDUCATION

FROM 1095 B. C. (THE PROPHET SAMUEL) TO 458 B. C. (EZRA'S DEATH)

(A man's voice calls from the distance, "Praised be the name of Jehovah! Jehovah, the mighty, be praised! Let us magnify and exalt the name of Jehovah!"

At the sound of the voice, Youth turns and looks off, Left. Now the voice comes nearer and Youth retreats to the Right of the stage and hides in the hollow tree.

From the Left there enter two shepherds, Isaac and Jared. Isaac, a young man, carries something in his arms wrapped in a cloth. Jared, who is old and stoop-shouldered, leans heavily on his staff.

They appear to be tired, for they walk wearily. From the Right, there now enter two other shepherds Enoch and Nahor. Enoch has a red beard; the younger, Nahor, has a thick brown beard. A little shepherd boy, Joseph, accompanies them.

Enoch (on the Right). Shalom, Brethren. What news of the flock during the night watch?

Jared. Hungry wolves have destroyed three sheep in spite of our vigilance. Jehovah is surely angry with us.

Isaac. We are therefore bringing this lamb—to offer it for sacrifice before Jehovah on his altar.

Nahor. Nay, but hast thou forgot the words of the Prophet: "I desire mercy and not sacrifice and the knowledge of God more than burnt offerings." The Prophet tells us that Jehovah desireth a heart cleansed from thy sin.

[*Enoch.* This Jehovah desireth more than the offerings of wine and oil and the flesh of animals.]

Jared (shaking his head). Nay, since the days of Moses, our deliverer, the tribes of Israel have offered sacrifice. We will continue in the ways of our fathers. (*They move off slowly and go out, Right.*)

Joseph (looking up at the older shepherd). But I will obey the words of the Prophet, for he declared he is "the mouth of God," and when he spoke to us in the village his eyes blazed with a holy light as from Jehovah.

Enoch. Mayhap, then, thou shalt grow up to be wise in the ways of the Lord as was our Shepherd King, David.

Nahor. For thou, my son, dost watch thy flocks even as David watched his when he was a boy.

Joseph (pleased). Aye, and David sang to the kinnor, the tuneful harp, even as I love to sing. (*He touches the harp which is slung over his shoulder.*)

Enoch (as they go out). Then thou shalt sing to us a Psalm of David as we draw the water from the well to water the sheep.

Joseph. Right gladly will I. (*They go out, Left.*)

(*A murmur of voices is heard coming from the Right, and presently a group of men and boys enters. Some of them carry sickles of rough-hewn bronze and the jawbones of animals. These are the farmers on their way to the fields.*)

Nathan (the leader, to one of the boys). Reuben, my son, return thou to the village and bid the women and children come here where it is cool, with their tasks and for study with Ephraim, the elder, whilst we go forth into the fields for the reaping.

Reuben (salaaming). I go, my father. (*He goes out, Right.*)

[*(A man enters from the Left. He is in great distress.)*

The Stranger (a shepherd, salaaming before Nathan). O Brethren! O ye of the tribe of Manaseh, hear my cry! Help my helplessness!

Nathan. What is thy trouble, stranger?

The Stranger. My cattle hath strayed far beyond the fold and there is none among my own people who are near to help me foregather them again. O help me find them! Help me!

Caleb (an old man). But this man is not of our tribe. His concern is not ours.

Joel (another farmer). The ripe grain lieth on the ground. We have no time to lose.

Nathan. Nay, speak not in such wise, for thou knowest it is written: "If one see his neighbor's cattle come to harm, how should he act that such cattle may be saved? He must let his own work alone, be it as urgent as it will, and do by the cattle as he would have it done to his." (*To some of the men in the group.*) Hepher, Zabad, Absolom, go ye and help the stranger to find his cattle.

The Men (salaaming). It shall be done.

The Stranger (prostrating himself at Nathan's feet). O bless thee in the sight of Jehovah, thou who rulest justly by thy neighbor!

Nathan. Arise and be off, for thy cattle are strayed.

The Stranger (rising and pointing off Left as he leads the men out). This way they strayed. [Follow me! Follow me!] (Other voices are heard coming from a distance.)

Joel (looking off, Right). 'Tis the young men and maidens on their way to the field.

Caleb (as he moves off, Left, with the others). With a song of thanksgiving on their lips. Ah! Such it is to be young!

(A group of young men and maidens enter from the Right, chanting the following:

Give unto the Lord, O ye mighty,
Give unto the Lord glory and strength.
The voice of the Lord is upon the waters:
The God of glory thundereth:
The Lord is upon many waters.
The voice of the Lord divideth the flames of fire.
The voice of the Lord shaketh the wilderness;
The Lord shaketh the wilderness of Kadesh.
The voice of the Lord maketh the hinds to calve, and discovereth the forests:
And in his temple doth every one speak of his glory.
The Lord sitteth upon the flood;
Yea, the Lord sitteth King forever.
The Lord will give strength unto his people;
The Lord will bless his people with peace.

—Psalm 29.

* See Appendix for suggestions for interpretation.

(They pass out, Left, their voices receding in the distance. Youth slips from his hiding place in the hollow tree and watches the young people as they go off.)

A group of little children now enter, Right, varying in age from tiny tots to boys and girls of 8 and 10. The older ones are playing tag while some of the little girls lead in the tiny children by the hand. As the children play they shout to one another: "I shall catch thee! Beware! Nay, I am the swifter." (Then, as one is caught.) "Thou art caught! Thou art caught! It is thy turn to chase," etc.

Following the children come women bringing their household implements. Reuben, the boy, comes also, but now leaves the group and hurries off after the farmers. The women murmur in talk as they settle themselves with their work. Youth has watched the play of the children with great interest, but now retires into the wings, Left.

Two women have wooden mallets and hollow stones, into which they pour coarse meal from a basket, pounding the meal to grind it. A little girl sits beside them and occasionally helps.

Other women have brought their sewing; several of them sit together while they stitch the seams of long coarse woolen cloth, the garments of the tribe. They call to some of the little girls who are playing tag. "Come Esther, come Leah, to thy sewing!" The children run to their mothers, who give them long bone needles and show the children how to sew up the long seams.

Still other women have spindles and distaffs and now call other little girls to help them: "Sarah, Abigail!" whereupon the children run to help with spinning.

Three men enter. Two of them have large bags thrown over their shoulders. The other holds a tall straight staff in his hand; he has a long white, flowing beard. He is Ephraim, the Elder of the tribe. They stop and converse in the center of the stage.)

Asaph (one of the men with bags on his shoulder). With these bags of wool I shall return unto thee a rich man, O my father.

Ephraim (the Elder). What sum, thinkest thou, Asaph, that the wool will bring in the market place?

Asaph. Seventy shekels and mayhap more.

Zachariah (who also carries bags). And mine, which are heavier, will bring an hundred and ten shekels.

Adah (with a distaff). Then, Asaph, with thy gold, thou canst bring thy good wife a scarf of Egyptian wool.

Zilpah (who is sewing). And thou, Zachariah, canst bring to Zilpah, thy wife, fine linen from the looms of Assyria.

Zachariah (laughing). Nay, Zilpah, I will not so increase thy vanity.

Asaph (laughing). Nor I, Adah, for vanity is not pleasing in the sight of the Lord. (*All the women laugh good-naturedly at this bit of raillery.*)

Obed (a boy). Asaph, my father, take me to the market place with thee, that I may see the world.

The Other Boys (crowding round). And take me too! I wish to see the world. And I! And I!

Asaph. Nay, I can not take ye all, but Obed I will take, for I shall need a boy to care for the mules which bear these bags, whilst I go among the merchants.

Zachariah. Thus can Obed learn the tricks of trading and how to get the most gold for his wool.

Obed. Hedad! Hedad!¹ I am going to the market place. Hedad!

The Other Boys (clamoring again). Take me too! And me! And me!

Asaph. Cease thy cries as of ravens in the desert! None but Obed shall go. I have said it. Come, lad. (*The other boys turn away disappointed, while Obed takes his father's hand triumphantly.*)

Zachariah. Thy blessing, father.

Ephraim (raising his hand in blessing as they bow before him). May Jehovah, the mighty, send upon thee the dew of heaven and plenty of corn and wine.

Asaph and Zachariah. And blessed be thy steps in the path of the Lord. (*They rise and go out, Left, taking Obed with them.*)

Ephraim (to the children). Leave thy tasks and pastimes, children, and come here to me for thy lesson in writing and in the words of the wise. (*All the children, both boys and girls, cluster about the old man as he sits on the bench under the tree.*)

Ephraim. What hath the Lord our God commanded His children through the mouth of Moses? Gideon, thou shalt say. ²

Gideon. He hath commanded: "The Lord our God is one Lord: And thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and with all thy soul and with all thy might."³

Ephraim. And of the Prophet of the Lord after Moses, who was the first who led Israel?

Benjamin (another boy). A woman it was, Deborah, who led our people against their enemies and brought peace unto Israel.

Leah (a little girl with lovely dark eyes and flowing curls). For the spirit of the Lord was upon her and made her speak.

Ephraim. Keep ever on your hearts, O my children, the words of the Prophets, even Deborah, Elijah, Isaiah, Amos, Micah, Hosea, Jeremiah, down to the last who have spoken, for they purge the lives of the people from evil and lead them into the favor of Je-

¹"Hedad" means "hurrah."

²See Appendix for suggestions.

hovah. And now we will take up the lesson in the Proverbs of Solomon that ye may "know wisdom and instruction." Leah, what Proverb dost thou remember?

Leah. Solomon hath said: "Reprove not a scorner lest he hate thee: rebuke a wise man and he will love thee."

Ephraim. Why will a wise man love thee if thou rebuke him?

Leah. Because a wise man seeketh alway the path of wisdom and thinketh to find mayhap, even in thy rebuke, a way to lead him into righteousness.

Ephraim (*laying his hand on her head*). Thou art a good child, Leah, for thou dost always seem to understand the hidden meaning of these words of wisdom.

Rebekah (*another little girl*). Solomon hath also said: "As vinegar to the teeth and smoke to the eyes, so is a sluggard to them that send him."

Zebadiah (*a boy*). And he hath said: "A prudent man seeth the evil and hideth himself. But the simple pass on and suffer for it."

Ephraim. As thou rememberest these words of wisdom, O my children, so shall your life receive its savor as food its salt. We will now write the letters here upon the ground. Bring thou a pointed stick, Gideon.

(*The boy searches and finds a pointed stick while the other children gather at the feet of Ephraim, who takes the stick and in dumb show writes on the ground and then has each child copy the letter, correcting and helping those who need assistance. He gives the older children, from 10 to 12 years of age, papyrus to write on, but only the boys are instructed in this mode of writing.*)

Meanwhile, Leah has wandered off by herself, apparently in a dreamy, thoughtful mood, picking up a stray leaf here and there and humming softly to herself. She wanders in the direction of Youth, who, for the last little while, has been watching the scene from the wings, Left, unobserved by the others. Youth now comes forward and speaks to the little girl, whom he has watched with wistful eyes from a distance.)

Youth. Damsel, you have not lost some one, by any chance, have you?

Leah (*looking at him with grave eyes*). *Lost some one!

Youth. I mean, are you, perchance, looking for your brother?

Leah. Oh, no. All my brothers are here. (*She points.*) There are Gideon and Seth and Zebadiah. But why dost thou ask?

Youth. You look so much like my sister who was taken from me, and I thought—I was hoping—(*He turns away suddenly to hide the tears that have gushed to his eyes. The little maid looks at him with grave sympathy, but no words seem to come to her.*)

[(Three maidens and three youths now enter from the Right. Their bare feet and legs are stained with red, as are also the fringes of their garments. They are laughing and merry.)

Adah (with the distaff). Whither do ye go, young men and maidens?

Miriam (one of the girls). We go to the wine presses.

Rachel (another girl). Where we tread, the purple grapes whilst the red juice flows into the stone basins.

Sarah (the third girl). Like this we tread the ripe grapes. (*She raises her hands to her comrades, whereupon they form a circle and tread up and down, at the same time chanting a Psalm.*)

O sing unto the Lord a new song:
 Sing unto the Lord, all the earth.
 Sing unto the Lord, bless his name:
 Shew forth his salvation from day to day.
 Let the field be joyful and all that is therein:
 Then shall all the trees of the wood rejoice
 Before the Lord: for he cometh.
 For he cometh to judge the earth.
 He shall judge the earth with righteousness,
 And the people with his truth.

—*Psalm 96.*

Ephraim. Then be off upon your duty, young men and maidens, that the wine may be put away to ripen for the feast of the Passover.

Miriam (to her comrades). Come, then, as we are commanded. (*They race off, Left, happily.*)]

Zilpah (rising from her work). We must return unto the village to prepare the unleavened bread and wine for the reapers in the field, who will soon return. (*The other women also rise, taking their work and implements with them.*)

Ephraim. And as we go, let us lift our voices in praise of Jehovah, the mighty. (*He leads off and the others join in chanting the Psalm, children and all.*)

The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.
 He maketh me to lie down in green pastures:
 He leadeth me beside the still waters.
 He restoreth my soul:
 He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness
 For his name's sake.
 Yea though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death,
 I will fear no evil; for thou art with me;
 Thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.
 Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies;
 Thou anointest my head with oil;
 My cup runneth over.
 Surely, goodness and mercy shall follow me
 All the days of my life;
 And I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

—*Psalm 23.*

(As the people move off, Right, Youth stands looking after them wistfully. Leah, the little girl, lags behind somewhat and, looking back, seems to hesitate as though trying to recollect something.)

Youth (stretching out his arms). Oh, try to remember, little Sister—the forest—the spring—

(But Leah only looks at him gravely and then turns and follows the others as they disappear into the distance, their voices receding with them.)

Youth (when they are gone). It was Psyche, my Sister! In spite of her black curls, the same sweet spirit shone out of her eyes. But she didn't remember. She has forgotten me! So I must search again, search again—down through the ages!

(He flings himself down by the spring and buries his face in his arms.)

ACTION 4

EDUCATION IN GREECE

THIRD AND FOURTH CENTURIES B. C.

(A boy of 7 or 8 years of age enters from the Right, accompanied by a bent and aged man, his pedagogue, who is a slave. Simultaneously, from the Left, another boy enters of about the same age, also accompanied by a pedagogue, dark-browed, spare, and middle-aged. Youth starts up and hides behind the sapling near the spring, where he watches the scene closely.)

Cratinus (the first boy to enter). Greetings, Cimon! (He raises his hand in salute.)

Cimon (returning the salute). Greetings, Cratinus. Thou, too, art early to-day.

Cratinus (pettishly). Aye, too early, by far. But Xanthias, here, would rouse me from slumber before the dawn, saying I must be up and off to the grammaticus.

Xanthias (in a trembling old man's voice). 'Tis the duty of all sons of freemen and nobles to be at school at sunrise. I do but do my duty as a good pedagogue.

Cratinus (throwing his mantle to Xanthias). Take this, then, slave, and be off to thy slumbers whilst thou waitest to take me home at noon. (Xanthias shambles off, Right.)

Cimon (also giving his mantle to his pedagogue). And thou, too, slave, wait without with Xanthias. (The man bows and follows Xanthias out.) Behold the new top my father brought me yester-e'en, from the bazaar. 'Tis a famous spinner.

Cratinus. A new top! Let's see thee spin it. (They become absorbed in spinning the top.)

(Meanwhile, other boys have entered, from Left and Right, ranging in age from 7 to 14 years of age. They are accompanied by pedagogues; sometimes one pedagogue brings two boys who may be brothers. The pedagogues are of varying ages, but rarely an able-bodied man is among them, as the pedagogues, or guardians of the boys, were usually chosen from those slaves who could not be useful in any other capacity, owing to age or some physical defect. Each pedagogue, after taking the outer garment of the boy, goes out to wait with the other pedagogues until time to go home at the noon hour. The boys as they enter salute each other, crying, "Greetings, Diagoras! Greetings, Callias! Greetings, Demos! Greetings, Hippo-nicus! Ariston!" etc.)

[*Callias* (one of the younger boys). A game! A game! Let it be leapfrog!]

The Other Younger Boys. Aye, aye! Let us play till the grammaticus comes! (Whereupon a number of them play this age-old game of schoolboys, while still others gather about the boys with the top or watch some of the elder boys play knuckle-bones.]

(A sober-faced man of middle age now enters, from the Right, carrying several rolls of manuscript and an abacus, the Greek calculating machine. Slaves follow him bringing a chair which they place on a platform surrounded with several steps, so that the chair is raised quite high above the ground. Other slaves bring in seats for some of the boys. The boys without seats sit on the ground when the lessons commence.)

All the Boys (ceasing their play and raising their hands in salute). Greetings, Icthinus, our grammaticus.

Icthinus. Greetings, and may Pallas-Athena attend you. (He looks at the sky.) Apollo, in his golden chariot, has already mounted high in the blue dome of heaven. We must not, therefore, delay the lessons for the morning. (To the slaves, who carry baskets filled with tiles of red-baked clay.) Pass the letters to the younger ones, and do you (to the slaves with other baskets) pass the styli, with the waxen stencils, to those who will write.

(The slaves give out the letters to the younger boys, who for the most part sit on the ground before the grammaticus' chair, which he now mounts solemnly. A bundle of switches hangs from the arm of the chair, conveniently near his right hand. The older boys take the seats which have been placed informally about the stage and accept the writing materials from the slaves.)

Icthinus (from his high seat). For the writing lesson, the line which you will copy is taken from the Homeric Hymn to Demeter. You know it well: "Right happy is he among deathly men whom the gods dearly love." Once more I will repeat the line as you write

it on your stencils. (*He repeats the line slowly as the boys write the line with their styli, resting their stencils on their knees.*) Callias, take this ruling stick that thou mayst keep the letters straight. Thou art less skilled than the others. (*Callias comes for the ruler and then returns to his seat. Turning to the smaller boys, who have been wrangling about the possession of some favorite letter.*) What do I hear! Dissension and disorder! Let me hear more of this and the rod shall descend on innocent as well as guilty. (*He takes the switch from the chair and raises it threateningly. The boys become quiet and look frightened.*) Demos and Cratinus and the rest, come to my desk. (*The little boys come to his desk.*) Cratinus, what is the letter that thou holdest in thy hand?

Cratinus. Epsilon, Master.

Icthinus. And when thou placest it with this that Cimon has, what syllable does it make?

Cratinus (comparing the two). The syllable "Ed," for his is the letter "delta," Master.

Icthinus. Well said. Now Cimon, what letter hast thou?

Cimon. Theta, Master.

Icthinus. And thou, Diagoras?

Diagoras. Alpha, Master.

Icthinus. And the two together?

Diagoras. Make the syllable "Tha," Master.

Icthinus. Well said. 'Tis enough to-day in letters. We will hear what memory you have of Aesop's Fables which we recited yesterday.

Cleon. I remember well the Tale thou told us, Master, of "The Mosquito and the Bull," for my mother had related it to me when I was but a little fellow.

Icthinus. Then let us hear, Cleon, how well thou hast retained thy mother's lessoning.

Cleon. It goes like this: "A mosquito, who had flown about until he was tired, sat down to rest on the horn of a bull. After sitting there a long time, he thought he would go home. So he made a loud buzzing and said to the bull: 'Wouldst thou like to have me stay a little longer or shall I go now?' 'Just as thou pleasest,' said the bull. 'I did not know when thou didst come and I am sure I shall not miss thee when thou art gone away.'"

Icthinus. Thou hast, indeed, remembered thy mother's teaching. Canst thou also tell the lesson taught in this by Aesop? (*Cleon has no answer ready. He twists his fingers in embarrassment.*) Thou art tongue-tied, eh? Well (*looking at the others*), can no one point the moral of the tale?

Demos. It sheweth how often people of little minds think themselves great, when, in truth, no one is even noticing them.

Ictinus. Well said, Demos. Tell us, then, thyself one of these Tales from Aesop. (*A man's voice is heard outside, crying, "Make way, make way for the lads from the palaestra." Make way! Make way!"*)

Now there enters a group of lads from 12 to 14 years. Their tanned young limbs are supple and glisten with the oil which has been rubbed into their skins to make the wrestling harder and to protect their skins from the dirt in which they must roll during their gymnastics. A man of 30, athletic, vigorous, and fine of form, enters with the boys, crying, "Make way! Make way!" He is the paedotribus, the gymnastic teacher.)

Ictinus (rising from his seat in astonishment). Callicrates, what does this mean?

Callicrates (the paedotribus). Greetings, Ictinus. We have come here to finish our gymnastics, for our swimming pool has burst its bounds and has o'er-flooded the palaestra.

Ictinus. Rarely does fate permit so sad an accident to bring in its train so much good fortune as a visit from Callicrates. We will set aside our tasks and watch the contestants. (*He claps his hands for the slaves.*) Come, slaves, remove the chairs. (*Slaves enter and remove the chairs, desk, and platform.*)

Callicrates. We will finish the contest of the pentathlon which we had already begun at the palaestra. Of the five exercises which are performed in the contest, we have yet to compete in leaping, discuss throwing, and wrestling. (*To the boys.*) [The leap to-day shall be five measures, standing. Baubo (*to a sturdy, sun-tanned youth of exceptional strength and suppleness*), mark thou the distance. (*Baubo paces the distance and makes a mark on the ground with a stick.* Youth comes forward from his hiding place, behind the sapling. *He is greatly excited and stretches out his hand to Baubo, who, however, does not observe. So Youth restrains himself, but watches from the wings, Left, every move of Baubo.*)

Bubo (after pacing the distance). Doth it seem right, sir?

Callicrates. It will suffice for practice. Now Amynias, thou shalt begin. (*One of the boys takes his place, and jumps, falling a little short of the mark.*)

The Boys. Short of the mark! Thou art out of the race. (*When, however, the next boy leaps even with the mark, they clap their hands and shout, "Well done! Well done!" The boys all have their turn. Baubo comes last and lands well over the mark, farther than any of the rest.*)

* The boys' gymnasium.

The Boys. Hail, Baubo! Victor! (*Youth reveals his delight at Baubo's success.*)

Callicrates. Now to the discus.

(*Again the boys enter the contest for the discus throwing, pitching it into the wings, where it lands in a pile of sand, back stage, that no noise may be heard. Baubo again is victor.*)

The Boys. Hail, Baubo! Victor again! (*Youth beams with pleasure.*)

Callicrates. The contest in wrestling stands between Diagoras and Baubo. Come forward, lads. May the gods be with the victor! (*Bubo and another strong lad now wrestle together, and, after a few moments, Baubo throws his opponent.*)

The Boys. Baubo, hail! Victor in the pentathlon!

Callicrates (to Baubo). Well done, my lad. 'Twill not be many years before thou wilt be ready to enter the contests in the great Olympic Games, when all the flower of Greece contends for honors in gymnastics and the dance.

Ictinus. Mayhap, Baubo, thou wilt bring honor on our brave city by the winning of the prize most coveted by our young manhood—the Olympic victor's Crown of Olive.

The Boys. Aye, aye! Baubo shall wear the olive! Hail, Baubo! (*Youth reveals his pleasure, but does not dare venture forward.*)

Babo (flushed and pleased). Hail, comrades, and thanks!

Callicrates. Now rest ye here awhile till it be time for the pyrrhic dance, wherein shall be acquired that harmony of mind and body which distinguishes the Athenian from all others.

Ictinus. But do not forget the poets. As Plato says, "Gymnastics for the body, music for the mind." So while ye rest awhile, let Alcamanes recite the passage from Homer he deems the finest. Name it, Alcamanes. (*Youth becomes greatly excited when he sees Alcamanes, but still keeps in hiding.*)

Alcamanes (a tall youth who has taken part in the games bows before the grammaticus, who has taken his seat on the bench under the tree while the paedotribus stands near him). Ictinus, I would like best to repeat that passage of Homer from the story of Odysseus in the land of the Phaeacians, wherein it tells of Hermes, messenger of the Gods, bound on an errand of Zeus to the Nymph, Calypso, commanding that she free the brave Odysseus and send him on his way to his own dear country. Thus speaks the poet of Hermes: "Straightway he bound beneath his feet his lovely golden sandals, that wax not old, that bare him alike over the wet sea and over the limitless land, swift as the breath of the wind. And he took the wand wherewith he lulls the eyes of whomso he will, while others again he even wakes from out of sleep. With this rod in his hand flew

the strong slayer of Argos. Above Pieria he passed and leapt from the upper air into the deep. Then he sped along the wave like a cormorant that chaseth the fishes through the perilous gulfs of the unharvested sea, and wetted his thick plumage in the brine. Such like did Hermes ride upon the press of the waves." (*Butcher and Lang, trans.*)

The Boys. Hail, Alcamanes!

Icthinus. Mayhap, Alcamanes, thou shalt yet wear honors like the poet, Pindar.

Callicrates. Or the great Aeschylus.

Alcamenes. Nay, my thanks, but I would rather think I might add to wisdom's store like the noble Plato and his pupil, Aristotle, to say nothing of the martyred Socrates.

Icthinus. Yes, but 'twas Aristotle who said that "the aim of life is living happily and beautifully." And what could add more to the pleasure of life than music and the poet's art?

Alcamenes. No art, Icthinus, save, mayhap, that of Phidias, the sculptor.

The Boys. Aye, aye! Phidias, the mighty, who hath made Athena, the gray-eyed, live in gold and ivory in our gracious Parthenon. Long live Phidias!]

(A young man enters carrying a flute.)

Icthinus. Greetings, Lysicles, art come to instruct in the flute?

Lysicles. It is the usual hour for such instruction.

Callicrates. Aye, but to-day an accident drove us from the palaestra. Wouldst thou not, then, good Lysicles, set aside the practice in the flute that we may perform the pyrrhic dance?

Icthinus. Aye, this shall be done, and good Lysicles shall furnish the music for the dance.

Lysicles. Right gladly.

Callicrates. To the dance, then, lads, and remember the greatest among us revere the art. Even Sophocles, the poet, to show his joy, danced after the victory of Salamis. (To *Lysicles*.) Begin, if thou wilt.

(*Lysicles now begins to play. The boys take their places and go through the measures of the pyrrhic dance, consisting of movements simulating offensive and defensive warfare, such as springing to one side to avoid missiles, leaping back, stooping and the posture of a warrior letting fly an arrow or hurling a spear. When the dance is over, a shout goes up from the boys.*)

The Boys. Hail, Ares! Mighty God of War and Combat! And hail, Pallas-Athena, who giveth success in arms!

Ictinus. The day creeps on to noon, when we will retire for food and drink. Ye may leave for your homes, but mind that ye be prompt to return for the session later on, when we will have the lesson in arithmetic with the abacus. (*He holds it up.*)

Callicrates. But first to the baths, where ye shall be refreshed.

The Boys. Aye, the baths—for refreshment!

Ictinus. Farewell, till after the siesta.

The Boys (saluting). Farewell.

(*The masters go off by themselves with leisurely steps, while the boys take their mantles from the pedagogues, who have returned. Xanthias brings with him a little girl whose bright eyes and golden curls are strangely like those of Psyche. Youth gives an involuntary cry, "Psyche!" when he sees the child, but his voice is drowned in the cries of the other boys, who call out, "Whose child hast thou there, Xanthias?"*)

Xanthias. 'Tis my grandchild, Dorcas, who hath come to share my tedious waiting.

Demos. What say ye, comrades! Let us make the lovely slave child a symbol of the beauty and fair fame of the Goddess, Pallas-Athena. As such, she shall crown the victors, Baubo and Alcamanes.

The Other Boys. Aye, aye! A crowning! Stand here, ye victors! (*They run and bring Baubo and Alcamanes to the center of the stage, where they join their hands.*)

Cratinus. Up with the child! (*He swings her to his shoulder with another boy.*)

Xanthias. Forbear, forbear! She is my beloved grandchild!

Cratinus. Hands off, slave! We will do her no harm, for she shall be the priestess of the Goddess. What sayest thou, slave child?

Dorcas (beaming). Aye, 'twill be a game. I like it rarely.

Youth (no longer able to restrain himself). Psyche, my Sister! Found at last!

Bubo (intercepting him). Away with you, slave! How darest thou enter here!

Youth. Nay, I am no slave. I am thy Brother.

All the Boys. Brother! What means he?

Youth (to Baubo). Hector! (*To Alcamanes.*) Mentor! Don't you remember me?

Alcamanes. Remember thee, slave! Art thou mad?

Bubo (with a threatening gesture). Get thee gone, thou scoundrel, or by the thunders of Zeus, I'll flay thee alive!

Youth (with outstretched arms). Hector! Hector!

Bubo. Be gone, base slave, or I'll—

Alcamanes (restraining him). Nay, Baubo; leave the poor fool to his madness.

All the Boys. Come! to the crowning! (*They drag Alcamanes and Baubo away, leaving Youth dismayed and bewildered.*)

The Boys (in the distance). To the crowning! Hail to the victors! (*As their voices recede, Youth throws himself down in grief upon the ground. A shuffling step is now heard, and the Old Woman enters, leaning heavily on her thick staff. She sees Youth on the ground and hastens to him.*)

The Old Woman. My lad! My fine little lad, what's wrong with you?

Youth (raising a piteous face). They didn't know me—my kindred!

The Old Woman. Did you see them? Where?

Youth (rising). In a school, a marvelous school, full of delight and truth. There they were—all of them. But they scorned and reviled me!

The Old Woman. Then the Sorcerer's spell still must be working. (*She shakes her head.*) There must be some grievous lack in this school.

Youth. Lack—in this school? Why, 'twas perfect. All that a lad could aspire to learn, these youths were trained in.

The Old Woman. But were maidens trained, too?

Youth. There was Psyche, my Sister.

The Old Woman. Dorcas, you mean, the slave child.

Youth (wonderingly). How could you know?

The Old Woman (evading his eye). Oh, I was watching. But Dorcas, the maid, was only a symbol—a symbol of the sweet spirit of beauty to crown achievement. She was not lessoned there. Nay, the Greeks are a wondrous people, but, though they prize their artists and their victors and warriors, they scorn their women, and only the sons of the rich and privileged are instructed. This, my lad, is the canker that prevents the perfect flowering of this school which you deem so wondrous.

Youth. Then I must search again!

The Old Woman. Courage, lad! With Youth no task is impossible.

Youth. But you will go with me?

The Old Woman. Nay, the quest is yours. Old age can but watch and counsel. (*She turns to leave.*)

Youth (straightening himself with a new spirit of determination). Very well, Granny. I'll be brave—and I'll find them, my kindred. So fare you well and Godspeed to you.

The Old Woman. Aye, that's the spirit! That's the spirit that wins. Fare you well for a little. (*She hobbles off, Left.*)

ACTION 5

EDUCATION IN ROME

203 B. C. TO 148 B. C. (DEATH OF THE ELDER CATO)

(No sooner has the Old Woman gone than a little girl enters from the Right, with a broom of switches, much too large for her. Youth stares in amazement, for the little girl, though dressed as a Roman child, bears a great resemblance to Psyche, whom Youth thought he had just seen in the slave child, Dorcas. The little girl, however, is quite unconscious of Youth's presence and comes slowly toward the center of the stage, earnestly sweeping the ground before her.

Before Youth can recover from his amazement, a tall, imposing-looking woman enters, dressed in the ample folds of the Roman matron's stola. She is followed by a slave girl who carries a distaff and spindle. Youth creeps away into the wings, Left, where he occasionally peers forth, unobserved.

Two little boys of 7 and 8 years are on either side of the matron. She pauses at the entrance to watch, with an amused smile, the efforts of the little girl. Then she speaks; an affectionate tone is in her voice.)

Claudia (the mother). Lesbia, child, thy task is not becoming the daughter of a patrician. Such lowly duties are the work of slaves and bondwomen.

Lesbia. But, Mater, 'tis such fun to sweep. Do but look!

Claudia. Nay, I have spoken. 'Tis enough. (*The child ceases.*) Drocis (*to the slave girl, who has followed her mistress*), bear the broom away [and bid Critylla come at once that I may give her instructions for the prandium, our midday meal]. (*The slave girl bows and does as she is bid, first leaving the distaff and spindle which she has brought, beside the tree.*)

Claudia (sitting on the bench under the tree). Come, lads, take your writing tools and sit here beside your mother. Lesbia, here is thy stylus and stencil. (*Lesbia takes the stylus and tablet and leans against her mother's knee, while the little boys sit on the bench on either side of their mother.*)

Marcus (the younger boy, holding up his tablet). Mater, thrice have I written the words "good man," but now I find it hard to read what I have written.

Claudia (looking at the tablet). A sorry sight, indeed! Give me thy hand, Marcus. (*She guides his hand whilst he tries to write the letters and spells the words.*) "G-o-o-d M-a-n." There, now try thine own hand alone. (*She now turns to the second child.*) Cassius, proceed with thy task, for I see that thou art making ex-

cellent progress. And now what shall I write upon the tablet for my Lesbia to copy?

Lesbia. "Good broom."

Claudia (laughing). What, child, wilt thou still set thy mind on lowly tasks? The spindle and the distaff are the duties of all good Roman girls and matrons, not sweeping. Shall I write "distaff" then? (*She holds her hand up as if to write.*)

Lesbia. As thou wilt, Mater. But I like sweeping best.

Claudia (as she writes). But remember that thy father will wear no clothing which is not spun and made and woven by his wife and daughter. So thou must prepare to like thy tasks, for 'tis thy duty.

Lesbia. I will try, Mater. (*The child sits on the ground and begins to write.*)

[*(A woman slave now enters and bows low before the matron.)*]

Claudia. Ah, Critylla, listen whilst I tell thee what to prepare for prandium. But first hand me my spindle and distaff. I must not be idle. (*The slave obeys. The two little boys, meanwhile, have knelt on the ground, using the ends of the benches for their table, while Lesbia writes upon her knees.*) I would have lentil soup, with a measure of cheese of ass's milk; beans and radishes prepared in oil. The wheaten bread is to be dipped in wine.

Cassius. Oh, Mater, pray make it honey!

Claudia. So be it. Let it be Attic honey. Then pile the platters high with fruit of tree and vine—figs, pears and apples, and the purple grape. Be off, then, slave, and mind—no shirking.

Critylla. None, Domina. (*She bows and goes out.*)

Marcus (showing his mother his tablet). Is that better now?

Claudia. Aye, thou art improving. Soon we will repeat together the Laws of the Twelve Tables. Whose laws are they, Cassius?

Cassius. The laws of Rome, Mater.

Claudia. Well said.

Marcus. Can we not tell some fables from Aesop? I like the fable of "The Hare and the Tortoise."

Lesbia. And I like the fable of "The Mosquito and the Bull."

(Drocius enters and bows low.)

Drocius. Cleon, the Greek tutor, awaits word to come to thee, Domina.

Claudia. Bid him enter at once.

(Drocius bows and withdraws, Right. In a moment there enters a distinguished-looking man of middle age, carrying several rolls of papyrus and an abacus, the ancient calculating machine.)

Claudia. Salve, Cleon.

Cleon (bowing low). Salve, Domina.

Claudia. Marcus Publius, my husband, has taken his elder sons to the banks of the stream near by, where he is instructing the lads in swimming.

Cleon. Marcus Publius is a devoted parent thus to instruct his sons.

Claudia. Nay, he does but perform the duty every worthy Roman father performs for his sons. Already, he has taken them on their early morning ride and will soon return with them for instruction with thee in this new book thou has brought—I forget what name it goes by.

Cleon. 'Tis called "The Odysseus" of Homer, lately translated into Latin by the scholar, Livius Andronicus.

Claudia (*with a curl of the lip*). I have little knowledge of the Greek tongue nor care for any, but 'tis said that there be great poets among the Greeks.

Cleon. Aye, Domina, great poets and philosophers, too. Indeed, the young men of Rome to-day are flocking to hear Crates, the Stoic philosopher, lately come from Athens.

(*A boy's voice is heard outside calling, "If thou dost win the game, thou shalt be king."* In a moment, two boys enter; one is tall and serious-looking, the other is younger and of a sturdy build.)

The Boys (*bowing before their mother*). Salve, Mater.

Claudia. The Gods bless thee, my sons. (*They turn away, ignoring Cleon.*) Do not forget your manners even to your tutor!

The Boys (*bowing to Cleon*). Salve, Cleon.

Cleon (*to the older boy*). Salve, Lucius. (*To the younger.*) Salve, Junius.

Claudia. Where is thy father, Lucius?

Lucius. He was detained by the Tribune, Gaius Cornelius, just as we were about to enter, so sent us on ahead.

Claudia. Attend on Cleon, then, at once. (*She claps her hands and Drocis enters.*) Bring a chair for Cleon. (*Drocis obeys.*) What, not writing! (*To the children at her knees.*) Begin at once or else I shall use the ferula, here. (*She lifts the rod at her side and the children hastily resume their writing.*) Lesbia, thou mayst leave thy writing now to help me with the spinning. (*Lesbia obeys.*)

Cleon (*taking the chair which Drocis has brought*). We shall begin with a lesson on the abacus. (*He brings forth the calculating machine.*)

Junius. By the shield of Mars, I see no need for all this study of counting and calculating!

Cleon. No need for the study of arithmetic! Why 'tis not only a necessity for the orator, which every patrician desires to be, but

for everyone who pretends in the slightest degree to be an educated man.

Lucius. Aye, 'tis so. And I have heard an orator in the Forum not only make his calculations before the people, but have heard him show clearly how he arrived at his conclusions.

Junius. 'Tis well for you, Lucius, that thou shouldst learn arithmetic for thou art to be a jurist and an orator, but I am to be a soldier.

Lucius. Nay, all sons of Rome are soldiers.

Cleon. And when thou art a husbandman, Junius, and help thy father with his farm, his bank, and his investments, what will thou do, thinkest thou, without a knowledge of reckoning?

Junius. I will get a slave to do it.

Lucius. And let him cheat thee? Nay, I will learn to reckon, and indeed, I want you, Cleon, to teach me Euclid's theory of geometry and Archimedes' science of weighing metals, and all the other sciences.

Cleon. Right gladly will I do this, Lucius. Thou art a boy after my own heart!

(*An energetic, powerfully built man of middle stature enters.*)

Marcus Publius. Salve; I find ye all well occupied.

Claudia (*rising and coming forward with both hands outstretched.*). Welcome, Marcus Publius.

Marcus Publius (*taking her hands*). My salutations, Domina. (*He presses her hands.*)

The Children (*bowing to their father*). Welcome, Pater.

Cleon (*to Marcus Publius*). Salve, Domine.

Marcus Publius. Salve, Cleon. (*Turning to the family, who have gathered about him.*) I bear great tidings. A victory!

Claudia. Whose?

Marcus Publius. Rome's.

All. Rome's! Bravo!

Marcus Publius. The dauntless legions of Tiberius have put to rout their craven enemy and Tiberius himself is on his way to Rome to celebrate his triumph.

Lucius. Then we shall have a holiday!

Junius. And gladiators' contests in the great circus!

The Smaller Boys. And chariot races!

Marcus Publius. All this and more—even a triumphal procession, with the vanquished sovereign tied to the victor's car!

(*Cleon turns away to hide the shadow which has fallen on his face.*)

Claudia. Great deeds and, mayhap, great sufferings are the destiny of every Roman citizen. Do not forget this, sons of mine.

Junius. Nay, 'tis ever on our hearts.

Lucius. Our chiefest dream is to serve Rome.

Claudia. Well said, my sons. (*She takes Lesbia and returns to her distaff.*)

[*Marcus Publius* (sitting in the chair Cleon has vacated, while the boys crowd around him). Gaius Cornelius, the Tribune, told me that, in the deciding battle, the Roman troops were divided, as ever, into three lines. The javelin men in front—

Junius (interrupting). The heavy armed soldiery thirty measures behind—

Lucius. And the veterans thirty measures in back of these.

Junius. So that if both the front lines were defeated, they could fall behind with the veterans, and the whole army, in one compact body, advance against the foe.

Cleon. Bravo! This knowledge of thy sons reveals the skill with which thou hast taught them, Marcus Publius, in the science and use of arms.]

Marcus Publius. [Aye], 'tis the purpose of Roman fathers to train their sons to have sound minds in sound bodies, and to be wise in the knowledge of warfare.

Cleon. Perhaps in Greece we seek to train a beautiful mind in a beautiful body.

Marcus Publius. But 'tis use, not beauty, that conquers kingdoms. (Then clapping his hands on the arm of his chair.) Come, we will go together to the Forum, where there will be great talk among the people now that our arms are victorious. Don your togas, sons, and we will be off. (He claps his hands and Drocis appears.) Bring us our togas. (She goes out and returns with the togas.)

Marcus Publius (to *Claudia*). We will have brave tidings to relate when we return.

Claudia (taking his outstretched hands). May the Gods speed thy going and thy coming.

Marcus Publius (taking his toga from *Drocis*). Come, sons, and thou too, Cleon.

The Boys (bowing before their mother). Vale, Mater. We will shortly return.

Claudia. Godspeed! And keep your eyes and ears well open that ye may learn to be brave and virtuous sons of Rome.

(The boys, including the little fellows, follow their father and Cleon out, Left.)

Claudia (to *Lesbia*, who stands looking after them, wistfully) Run thou also, child, with Drocis, to the threshold of the house and watch them go. But remember, thou art a maiden and may not follow thy brothers to the Forum.

Lesbia. I will remember, Mater. (*She runs out, Left, with Drocis.*)

(*Youth, who has been watching the scene from the wings, Left, now comes forward.*)

Youth (in a hesitating tone). Domina—

Claudia (looking up, somewhat startled). Why, child, where didst thou come from?

Youth. I am a wandering lad, who would ask a question.

Claudia. Speak, my child.

Youth. Are these, in very truth, your own dear children?

Claudia. My children? (*She laughs.*) Indeed, my son, they are my very own—flesh of my flesh and blood of my blood. But what a strange question, child! (*She holds out her hand and draws him to her.*)

Youth (gazing up earnestly into her face). They look the very counterpart of my own Brothers and Sister. So like, indeed, I thought they could be none but they.

Claudia. Hast thou lost thy kindred, child? Thou art a little fellow to be left alone. (*She strokes his brow gently.*) Why, thy brow is feverish. Thou must stay and be refreshed with a cool draught of water.

Youth (breaking away). No, no, I can not stay. I must look for my companions, for they are not here. I have a long, long search before me. (*Before she can detain him he runs off, Left.*)

Claudia (murmuring). What a strange lonely little fellow!

Lesbia (returning with *Drocis*). What little fellow, Mater?

Claudia. A little lad who strayed within the peristylum—the inner court. But the city is small. He will soon find his kindred. Come, dear one, we will withdraw to offer libations to our Lares and Penates—our household Gods—before the noonday meal. (*They go out, Right, followed by Drocis, with distaff and spindle. Drocis returns immediately, to remove the chair she had brought for Cleon, which she carries out, Right.*)

ACTION 6

EARLY CHRISTIAN EDUCATION

FROM THE FOURTH TO NINTH CENTURIES A. D.

(The stage is empty for a moment. Then from the Left, the Old Woman enters. She looks about her, and seeing no one, wags her head as if to say, "I thought as much!" for she realizes Youth has run away to see if he can find his companions.)

But now her demeanor changes. She grows taller and her mien becomes regal. She turns away from the audience, and lifting her

staff high, she seems to summon some one from the distance. . Instantly, the sound of a deep-toned bell is heard without. As the bell continues to ring, the Old Woman resumes her bent and feeble attitude and hobbles off, Right.

In the distance, the deep-toned bell continues to ring. There now enters from the Left a monk of venerable appearance, in a black habit, with tonsured head and a long gray beard. He is the Abbot of the Monastery. On his arm he carries a basket of rushes. Following him come other monks, similarly garbed, but with clean-shaven faces. They carry implements of the field and forest on their shoulders—spades, hoes, axes, and scythes. The Abbot pauses in the middle of the stage and the monks group around him.

Now there enter from Left, two groups of boys, each group consisting of boys from 6 to 15 years of age. The first group remains Left stage, in charge of the monk who accompanies them. These are the Oblati, the boys dedicated to the service of the Church.

The second group of boys, under the surveillance of a monk, crosses to the Right of the stage. These are the Externi or boys who are not to give their services to the Church.

Following the boys, who stand quietly and respectfully in their places, come other monks who group themselves Right and Left near the boys.

When all are in place, the bell ceases to ring and the Abbot speaks.)

The Abbot. The peace of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ, be with ye.

All the Others. And the blessings of the Holy Virgin attend thy steps throughout the day.

The Abbot. Amen. Now that we have come from morning prayers, each boy will go to his allotted task in field or shop or study with the Brethren, who will instruct him. (Turning to one of the monks with the farming tools.) Brother Luper, thou shalt lead the workers to the field to prepare the ground for the seeds which I have here within my basket. Soon I will follow. See that no boy is idle, for here in the monastery we deem that no person is more usefully employed than in doing manual labor.

Brother Luper. Thy will shall be obeyed, good Father Abbot.

The Abbot (to the boys on the Left). Ye boys of the oblati, the inner school, who are dedicated to the service of the Church, remember, while at thy tasks, ever to worship God in repeating to thyself passages from the New Testament and Psalter which ye have learned in the study hours. So fare ye forth and "God spede ye plough and send us corne enow." (An old proverb of the time.)

Brother Luper (to the boys who are to accompany him). Follow me, those of you whose day it is to labor in the fields.

(A few of the boys from the Oblati leave and go out, Right, with the monks, who carry the agricultural implements. Youth appears, Left, and seeing those on the stage, slips unobserved behind the sapling, where he watches the scene.)

The Abbot (to a monk who carries an ax.) Brother Anselm, thou shalt lead the workers to the forest. (*To the boys on the Right.*) And be ever mindful, ye boys of the Externi, the outer school, that, although ye are not dedicated to the Church, yet are ye none the less in the care of our blessed Saviour, and while at thy tasks must pray unceasingly for favor. God speed to you.

Brother Anselm. May our Lord and Saviour keep thee in peace, Father Abbot. (*To the boys of the Externi who are to accompany him.*) Follow me, Adrian and Mark. (*Two of the boys leave the group and follow the monk out, Right.*)

The Abbot (to the monks who remain). Brethren, ye shall go with your helpers to the tasks of feeding the cattle and sheep, to the bakehouse and the shop, where, with ringing anvil, ye shall forge the weapons of war and peace. And do not forget your constant prayers to our Lord. Proceed on your way.

The Monks. Thy will shall be obeyed, good Father.

(They beckon to the boys whose turn it is to go to these particular tasks and go out, Right.)

The Porter (an old monk entering from the Right). Good Father Abbot, a poor woman is at the gate begging for her daily ration of food. What shall be thy answer? (*The Old Woman appears at the Porter's side and holds out her hand in supplication.*)

The Abbot (turning to a monk near him). Go, good Brother Almoner, to thy task of feeding the needy ones.

(The monk bows and goes out, Right, taking the Old Woman with him.)

[*The Porter.* And, good Father, a poor man without has bruised his head with falling on a stone. What can be done for him?

The Abbot. Bring him here that I may look at him.

(*The Porter goes out and returns immediately with a poor man whose head is swathed in a linen cloth.*)

The Abbot (in a kindly tone). Goodman, let me see thy head.

The Poor Man (holding his head). It hurteth sorely, Father.

The Abbot (pushing aside the bandage). Aye, 'tis a bad wound. Brother Gregory (to a monk), go with this man and give him the herb, betony, scraped and rubbed very small to dust; then take two drachms' weight and let the man swallow it in hot beer. The head healeth very quickly after the drink.

Brother Gregory. So be it, Father. (*To one of the boys of the Oblati.*) Come, Enos, thou shalt help me dress the wound.

The Poor Man (kissing the Abbot's hand). God bless thee, Father!
God bless thee for thy help!

The Abbot. Peace be with thee, Goodman.

(The Poor Man goes with the monk and the boy while the Porter follows.)]

The Abbot (turning to a monk who carries several large books and a bundle of switches). Good Brother Scholasticus, thou art school master here, so I will leave thee to direct the studies whilst I proceed to the fields. Peace be with you all.

All. And may our Lord attend thy steps.

The Abbot. Amen. *(He goes out Right.)*

The Scholasticus. The smaller boys of the Oblati, the inner school, shall write upon their waxen tablets a text from Aesop's Fables. Ye may choose the text ye most desire. Come and get the tablets.

(The little boys come forward and get the tablets and styli from the basket on the ground near the Scholasticus. Then they settle themselves on the ground, back stage, using their knees for a table.)

The Scholasticus. The older boys of the Oblati will study their donatus, their Latin grammar. *(To the monk in charge of the boys.)* Take this book, Brother Bruno, and mind be careful of it, for it is our only copy. Later we will have the lesson in the Latin Psalter, which each of you must learn by heart. *(Brother Bruno takes the book and he and the older boys sit together in a group at Left of stage, where they pursue their studies in dumb show, Brother Bruno reading a line from the book which each boy repeats in turn.)*

The Scholasticus (to the Externi, on the Right). Ye older boys of the Externi, the outer school, will now proceed to the study of arithmetic. *(To the monk in charge.)* Take this book, Brother Odo, the "Institutio Arithmetica," wherein thou shalt impart the lesson. *(Brother Odo takes the book and goes to the Right of the stage with the older boys, where he has them write on tablets and discuss with him what they have written. This in dumb show.)*

The Scholasticus (to another monk who has just entered). Ah, Brother Rodolphus, thou hast brought the easels for the copying and illuminating. Peter *(to one of the boys of the oblati)*, leave thy donatus and come here with Philemon and Lucius for thy lessons.

Brother Rodolphus (showing the Scholasticus an illuminated book). Behold Brother, this is the last of the works of Aristotle, which I have copied almost to the last page from the translation of the saintly Boethius.

The Scholasticus. What! hast thou, in truth, nearly completed thy task?

Brother Rodolphus. Aye, but I have been nigh to 40 years copying the translations from the works of the great philosopher from Greece.

'*The Scholasticus (to the three boys who have joined them).* Verily, a book is so precious a thing that this work of Brother Rodolphus is worth a king's ransom.

[*Peter.* Would that I could be so skilled as Brother Rodolphus in copying and illuminating!]

Julian. And I! Then we would have another book to add to the library of the monastery.

Philemon. But we have a goodly store of books already. As many as 500.

Brother Rodolphus. And each one has been copied by some monk or student with loving care. Well, let us set about our task.] Peter, here is the copy of Virgil's "Aeneid." Thou hast made good strides already in the copying. (*Peter takes the book, together with the parchment on which he is making the copy, and sits down at one of the easels.*)

The Scholasticus (turning, finds that two of the smaller boys of the Externi are whispering together, for they have been left in idleness). What is this! Converse between two boys when the master's back is turned! (*He holds up the switches hanging at his belt.*) Come with me, rascals, and meet your punishment. (*He lifts the two little fellows by the scruff of the neck.*) Bow your heads in prayer (to the other little boys) until my return. (*He goes out, Right, with the culprits while the other boys bow their heads as commanded.*)

Brother Rodolphus. Julian, thy copy of Boethius which thou art learning to illuminate will be a credit to the monastery.

Julian. I am glad that it is good in thy sight, Brother Rodolphus. (*He sits at the easel with palette and brush and begins to work on the illuminating.*)

Brother Rodolphus. Philemon, this, the copy of the Holy Bible which thou art making, already hath two mistakes. Sit here and I will show thee how to correct the errors. (*Philemon sits at another easel and the two become absorbed in their task.*)

The Scholasticus (returning without the boys). I have left the miscreants each in solitary confinement for the day. See to it now that no other boy offends. (*He glares at the little boys, who now raise their heads from prayer.*) Stand near me here. (*He sits on the bench under the tree.*) Now let me hear how well ye remember the lesson from the New Testament which ye were taught yester-morn. (*To a little fellow.*) Paulus, thou shalt begin. First state the chapter and the verse.

Paulus. The third chapter of St. John, the sixteenth verse. "For God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in him should not perish but have everlasting life."

The Scholasticus. 'Tis well said. Now, Theocritus, what saith the next verse of the Scriptures?

Theocritus. "For God sent him into the world not to condemn the world; but that the world through him might be saved."

The Porter (entering). Brother Scholasticus, the Sisters from the convent across the river are here with garments and other things. What word hast thou for them?

The Scholasticus. Bid them enter. (*To the boys of both schools.*) Come, lads, leave your work and stand respectfully silent before the gracious Sisters. (*The boys rise, setting back the easels and other paraphernalia, and stand in groups together, in attitudes of respect as the Porter returns with the Sisters.*)

The Porter. Sister Tekla, Sister Lioba, Sister Cecilia, together with their gentle scholars.

(*There now enter three nuns in black veils and long gowns, accompanied by four little girls from 7 to 12 years of age. On their arms they carry black and white woolen garments, while one of the nuns has a purple altar cloth embroidered with gold and a little girl carries a basket covered with a white cloth.*)

Brother Scholasticus. Welcome, Sisters. The peace of our Lord and the blessing of the Holy Virgin be with you.

Sister Tekla (evidently the leader). Peace be with thee, Brother, and all thy company. We have brought the garments which we have made for the brethren of the monastery, for the which we now desire that thou wilt send us the wheat and fruit and meat which, in accordance with custom, is our recompense.

The Scholasticus. Right gladly will we make exchange of food for clothing.

Sister Tekla. And this, the altar cloth which is to go to the Church of St. Chrysostom, is now delivered by Sister Cecilia, under whose direction it was spun, and woven and embroidered by the Sisters.

The Scholasticus (as he takes the altar cloth). Truly it is a thing of beauty and greatly to be cherished. (*Turning.*) Brother Bruno, do thou and some of the Oblati take the clothing and the altar cloth and put them away in safe-keeping. (*Brother Bruno and some of the older boys, including Peter, do as they are bid, returning shortly.*)

(*The little girl with the basket whispers in Sister Tekla's ear.*)

Sister Tekla (nodding her head in answer to the child, then speaks). The scholars of the convent have sent a little gift to the

good Father Abbot, by these their schoolmates, with the respectful good wishes of the scholars.

(*The little girl holds the basket up for Brother Scholasticus to take.*)

The Scholasticus. Pray what hast thou brought, my child?

Lucia (the little girl). It is some sweetmeats and confectionery which we have made with our own hands for the pleasure of the good Abbot.

The Scholasticus. Thanks for this kindness.

Sister Tekla (to the Scholasticus, as he takes the basket). Thou seest, Brother, that in addition to their studies, together with their spinning and embroidery, the daughters of the convent school learn also to be accomplished in culinary arts.

The Scholasticus. We praise thy industry and knowledge, Sister, in imparting these things to the daughters of the poor and rich even as we teach here in this monastery the sons of both humble and noble parentage. So do we strive to keep learning and virtue alive in an age of bitter strife and enmity.

Sister Tekla. By thy leave; Brother, we will return again unto our convent. Peace be with thee and all thy brethren.

The Scholasticus. Farewell, good Sisters, and the blessings of our Lord and Master attend you, one and all.

(*The Sisters and the little girls go out, Right.*)

The Scholasticus (to some of the boys who have pressed forward to see them go). To your tasks again! Boys and Brethren.

Brother Bruno. But, Brother, 'tis the hour for the singing lesson. Our Brother Chantor is already with us. (*He turns to indicate a monk who has just entered from Left.*)

The Scholasticus. Ah, Brother Chantor, we will give the lads into thy care. Proceed with the singing of the Gregorian chant.*

The Scholasticus (when they have finished). We will now withdraw to the dining hall, where we will refresh ourselves with our simple food. (*The boys take up the song again and follow Brother Scholasticus and the other monks off, Left. Peter lingers behind the others to assist Brother Rodolphus in carrying off the easels.* As he passes, Youth clutches at his cloak.)

Youth. Please, please let me look into your face!

Peter (gently). Surely, friend. What wouldest thou?

Youth (peers into the other's face, then turns away). I was mistaken. You are not my brother, Mentor.

Peter. Mentor! Who is Mentor? (*Youth shakes his head wearily and crosses to the bench, where he sits down, leaning his head against the great bole of the tree.*)

* See appendix for Gregorian chant.

Peter. Your hand felt cold, friend. Here, take my cloak. I can get another. (*He places the cloak gently about Youth's shoulder, but the latter is too miserable to take any notice and Peter slips away quietly. The far sound of the singing swells out again and comes to an end just as the curtains close on Part I.*)

PART II

ACTION 1

EDUCATION DURING THE RENAISSANCE

THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY

(*As the curtains part, after a few moments' intermission, the figure of Youth is discovered on the bench under the tree, in much the same position as before.*

Now, from the Right, the Old Woman enters with her shuffling step. When she reaches the center of the stage she looks about her and discovers Youth on the bench. She wags her head sadly over the forlorn little figure and hobbles over to the boy.)

The Old Woman (touching Youth gently). Is it you, lad? Will you lend me a corner of your cloak? I am cold.

Youth (raising his head, wearily). Oh, Granny, you are welcome. My heart feels warmer now that you are here. (*He places half the cloak about her as she sits beside him.*) We will share the cloak and soon I will go along with you, for I can find no trace of my dear companions.

The Old Woman. Tut, tut! Where is all that good courage you boasted of awhile since? But cheer up, my lad, for I think I hear the coming of a goodly company who will make your young heart glad.

(*A strain of harp-like music is heard, without, and laughter from fresh young voices.*)

The Old Woman. Ah! My ears were right. Look sharp now. Let us hide yonder (*pointing to the wings, Left*), for if I'm not mistaken you'll have a vision of rare beauty to cheer you. (*She leads Youth toward the wings, Left, where they pause for a moment to watch the approach from the Right of a man and several young folk. As the figures enter the stage, Youth and the Old Woman disappear into the wings.*)

The man who enters is tall and dignified, and is dressed in a long, rich robe. His face is high-bred and sensitive. Great intelligence shines from his kind eyes. He is accompanied by a group of young people, dressed in Florentine dress of the fifteenth century. Their

ages vary from 8 to 15. The man is Messer Ferranti Gallino, who, in this scene, is modeled on the character of Vittorino da Feltre, the eminent schoolmaster who founded a school under the patronage of the Gonzaga princes in 1425, calling his school the "Casa Giocosa," the "Pleasant or Joyous House." The young people who accompany him are his pupils, sons and daughters of the nobility, together with the children of poor but gentle folk, who have come to be instructed by the learned and benign master.)

Gallino (as he enters). We will rest here under the grateful shade of this oak tree.

Elisabetta (a little girl who holds his hand). And thou wilt tell us more about Prometheus—the god who brought fire to man!

Gallino. In-truth, child, I have but just finished the tale, as we walked thro' the wood from Casa Giocosa, the Pleasant House, for a little relaxation in this sweet glade. (*He sits on the bench.*)

Lodovico (a tall youth). Elisabetta could hear the tale an hundred times and yet not tire of it.

Gallino (as the young people group themselves about him). What would the world have done had not the treasures of ancient Greece and Rome been delivered up to us again, out of the hands of the heathen, in precious manuscripts, wherein these glorious tales of gods and of men have come to us again, in the pure and exalted language of Homer and of Virgil.

Beatrice (a maiden of 14 years, looking up from her embroidery). And then there are the Roman poets, Terence and Plautus, with their lively comedies.

Lodovico. And do not forget the plays of Sophocles which our Messer Gallino has so lately read and construed for us.

Elisabetta. But I love the stories best. (*The older ones laugh.*) Those which tell of Perseus, Andromache, noble Hera and the fair Persephone.

Gallino (patting her hand affectionately). Truly thou art right this as in all things, Elisabetta. These tales bear hidden truths that strike at the very heart of things.

Bernardino (a boy of 12). But Messer, we have our own Italian poets, Dante and Petrarch, and the great Boccaccio, who has enriched the world with most excellent tales of mirth and adventure.

Elisabetta. Oh, tell us, then, one of Boccaccio's tales. (*The older ones laugh again.*)

Gallino. Nay, we have had tales enough for one day. [Rather would we hear one of Petrarch's matchless sonnets.

Lodovico (eagerly, as he opens the book he carries in his hand). Messer, if thou wilt bear with me, I would dearly like to read one of

Petrarch's sonnets which hath stirred my soul as a strong wind stirs deep waters.

Gallino. Read, my son; gladly will we listen.

Lodovico (*reading*):

Pensive and lone where earth lies loneliest
 I pace with faint and tardy step, my eye
 Casting around my path, alert to fly
 If other feet the wilderness have prest.
 No aid beside attends at my behest
 To shed or screen from curious passer-by,
 Who by my fyles, men may well espy
 What fire is ravaging the inner breast.
 So that I now believe that mount and plain
 And wood and stream have knowledge how is wrought
 This solitary life, to men so dim:
 Yet way so wild or rough I cannot gain
 That love is not into my presence brought,
 Holding discourse with me and I with him.

Gallino. In very truth, it is surpassing fine, that verse. (*The children murmur their appreciation.*)

Leonora (*a girl of 11 or 12 years*). Was it not Petrarch who loved fair Laura well?

Gallino. He loved her dearly.

Lodovico. And held her in his heart as lofty as a mountain pass, high under the clouds and e'en as far beyond his reach.

Francesco (*a boy of 10*). But Petrarch was a scholar as well as poet who studied just as we do, the great masters of those mighty days so long ago.]

Barbara (*one of the smaller children*). How far that time was—Greece and Rome!

Emilia. How old, how very old the world is!

Gallino. Nay, our time, perhaps, is young, or may seem so to those who come hereafter. Indeed, if it be true, what rumor says, that the sailor Columbus has discovered a New World, beyond the ocean's farthest rim, we may look for stranger things to come than ever yet have taken place.

Battista (*a boy*). My father tells me it is rumored that the "King of Spain sent some ships over the seas (under command of Columbus), who, after a voyage of six and thirty days, discovered certain islands, amongst others a very big one lying east with broad rivers and terrible mountains and very fertile lands." (*From a letter of that time.*)

Giovanni. Aye, so I have heard also. And they say that "pepper and spices and parrots as big as falcons and as red as pheasants" are found there.

Leonora. And "they found trees bearing fine wool, and others which produce wax and linen fibres."

Battista. And "the rivers there run with gold and there is plenty of copper but no iron, and many other wonders."

Dorotea. "And one can neither see the Arctic nor the Antarctic poles."

Gallino. Why, what a flood of marvels do we hear! 'Tis ~~a~~ better lesson in geography than a week's study of the world map in charcoal hanging on the wall at school.

Battista. But, Messer, it is true, they say. And now we know that Copernicus and Galileo were in the right when they said the world was round.

Isabella (*illustrating with a gesture*). For Columbus has sailed round the world to the other side and up again.

(*A shout is heard outside and boyish voices call, "Halloa! Halloa! Where are you all?"*)

The Children (*running and looking off Left*). We are here, in the glade. Come and join us. Tell us all you have been doing!

(*A group of boys now enters; the leader is a sturdy youth of 12, tanned by the sun, and with a shock of tousled hair.*)

Jacopo (*the leader*). Such a fine swim as we have had!

Gian (*another boy*). And Jacopo swam from shore to shore and back again.

Lorenzo (*another boy*). As great a distance, nearly, as Leander when he swam the Hellespont.

Jacopo. Nay! 'Twas not far at all!

Gian. But indeed it was. Jacopo swims as well as a man; the swimming master says so.

Gallino. Well done, Jacopo! If thou excellest in the art of swimming as thou dost in horsemanship and in the hunt, which of all pastimes "is best from its likeness to war" ("Book of the Courtier"), then art thou well on half the way to be the perfect courtier. But remember that 'tis not enough to excel in sports and the use of weapons, "the great thing for a courtier is to have knowledge." ("Book of the Courtier.")

Jacopo (*shaking his head dubiously*). Therein, Messer Gallino, I fear I am sadly at fault. But later to-day I promise to study earnestly Caesar's "Commentaries" and to learn by heart the first four stanzas of the lesson.

Gallino. Well said. (*Turning to the other boys.*) Will you be led by Jacopo in this respect as in all others?

The Other Boys. Yes. We will study.

Francesco (mischievously). That is, Messer, if we may go a-hunting on the morrow or perchance make merry here in the glade with a lively game.

All the Children. Yes, yes, a game we beg! Let us play "palla" the lively tennis! (*A game which resembled tennis.*)

Gallino. Nay, not a game, but what say you to a dance—here on the green. For soon our Lord the Duke will entertain the Magnifico himself and all his court, when you will all be called upon to dance your prettiest in the Festival.

Jacopo. Yes, yes, a dance! Let's dance the Pavane.

Leonora. And Battista's lute shall be our music.

Gallino. Begin, then, and mind, do not forget this is your lesson, so shall you perform with all due care to courtesy.

(*Battista now begins to play the lute. The boys bow low before their partners, the girls returning their bows with deep curtsies. They dance a stately measure and when they have finished they laugh and clap their hands, crying "Well done! Well done! 'Twas well done, was it not, good Messer?"*)

Gallino. Indeed, 'twould have done justice to the Court of His Holiness himself! But look who's here! (*Youth, who has watched the dance from the wings in great delight, has now ventured to come forward and stands looking shyly at Messer Gallino. All the children turn at the Messer's exclamation.*)

Lodovico. Why, 'tis a lad straight from the Iles of Greece. Behold his mantle and his sandals.

All the Children. Aye, 'tis a vision!

Elizabetta (running to Gallino). Oh, oh! I am frightened!

Gallino (laughing). Nay, 'tis but a peasant boy, from the sea-banks, likely. There is naught to fear, child. (*To Youth, in a kindly tone.*) Where dost thou come from, little fellow?

Youth. From "The Golden Age."

The Children (wonderingly). "The Golden Age!"

Gallino (smiling). Alas! 'Tis a place we know only in our dreams. Art thou lost, son?

Youth. Nay, I am not lost, but *these* are lost. (*Pointing to Jacopo, Lodovico, who stand together, and Elizabetta.*) These are my kindred, but they have forgotten me, because they are under the dark spell of the Sorcerer.

Elizabetta (clinging to Gallino). Oh, I am frightened! (*The other children also move nearer the Messer.*)

Gallino (laughing). Nay, 'tis a prank he plays. (*To Youth.*) We do not fear thy "Sorcerer" here, my lad, so take thy jests else-

where, for 'tis not becoming a lad from the humble folk to make merry with his betters. Be off and promptly!

Youth. But 'tis not a jest! 'Tis the truth! the truth! the truth!
(*He turns and runs off, right, with his hands clenched in the extremity of his feeling.*)

Lodovico. Thinkest thou he is mad, Messer?

Gallino. Either mad or in a dream of his own imaginings. [But come; let us forget the strange little fellow, for we can not help him. I have a rare, fine treat, for you which all this time I have kept hid in my sleeve.

(*He takes a little morocco case from his sleeve, and with loving care opens it and shows the contents to the children, who have clustered round him.*)

Emilia. A turquoise!

Leonardo. Engraved with a Victory!

Gallino. By whose hand, think ye?

Lodovico. I would say it could be done by no other hand than that of Fideli of Ferrara, the Jewish goldsmith.

Gallino. Thou hast guessed right. There is none like Fideli for skill. Behold the medallion's delicacy, its fine precision, its fluent line!

Lodovico. Whence came this treasure, Messer?

Gallino. It was the good pleasure of our Lord the Duke to bestow it on me for what he deems are services rendered in the cause of learning.

Elizabetta. And he did right, Dear Messer! But then, the Duke could well spare one of his treasures—he has so many.

Beatrice. Elizabetta speaks truly, for within the walls of the Duke's castello are the priceless works of Mantegna and Cellini, of Michelangelo, of Raphael, and the divine Leonardo.

Gallino. But to a Florentine, no smallest work of art can well be spared, for his nature is so formed that a singular and most intense pleasure permeates his being when in the presence of beauty.

Lodovico. I would speak of beauty, Messer, as the poet Dante speaks of the lady whom he loved. He says:

So goodly and so seemly doth appear
My Lady, when she doth a greeting bring,
That tongue is stayed silent and quivering,
And eye adventures not to look on her.]

—From the Sixteenth Sonnet (Garnett, Translator)

Jacopo (*looking upward*). The sun is high, Messer. It must be close to noon, when refreshment awaits us.

Gallino [*with a laugh.*] The morning's exercise demands a more substantial meal than poet's fancies, eh, Jacopo?] (*He throws his*

arm over the boy's shoulder affectionately.) Well, we will return, and Leonora shall borrow Battista's lute the while she lifts her voice to make the air sweet with song. (They start to go.)

(Leonora takes Battista's lute and strikes a string or two. The sound makes Gallino pause.)

*Gallino (as he pauses, and speaking with deep feeling). What a power hath music! It "is a high and holy thing * * * When Socrates was well stricken with years he learnt to play upon the harp, and Plato and Aristotle would have music taught from childhood." (Book of the Courtier.) (To Leonora.) So lift thy voice, dear child, that we may the better lift up our souls to God.*

(Leonora sings an old medieval song^{} to the accompaniment of the lute, while Gallino and the children move off with happy, leisurely steps. As the song dies away in the distance, the Old Woman enters. Seeing no one, she gives a knowing wag of the head. She straightens up, and again her mien becomes strangely regal. She raises her staff on high. Then she slowly resumes her stooped position and hobbles off.)*

ACTION 2

EDUCATION IN ENGLAND

SIXTEENTH, SEVENTEENTH, AND EIGHTEENTH CENTURIES

(In a moment, a little boy of 7 or 8 years enters and looks about him in a frightened manner for a hiding place, and is about to hide in the hollow tree when an older boy of 12 or 14 enters and calls sharply.)

Samuel Ward (the older boy). Here! Thou 'rt my fag.

Richard Cartwright (the smaller boy). I know, but—

Samuel (grabbing the other by the collar). Take this jerkin to the tailor. It sorely needs mending.

Richard. But I'll be late to school and the provost will flog me.

Samuel. What! Words from a fag to his master! Be off with thee or I'll make thine ears ring! (He thrusts the jerkin into Richard's hand and hauls him toward the wings, Right.)

Richard (as he runs off, protesting). Oh, whatever shall I do! Whatever shall I do!

(Groups of boys of all ages from 6 to 14 and 15 years enter. They come group by group, some entering after the others. The older boys carry leather satchels with books, to which quill pens and ink-horns are attached. The boys are all talking together about their play, in a hubbub of voices. Some of the boys spin tops, others play marbles and knucklebones, while others play leapfrog. Youth now peers from the wings, Right, and watches the boys at play.

^{*} See appendix for song.

[Presently, one of the older boys shouts, "Come here." Instantly all the smaller boys come racing to him. One little fellow, however, stops to pick up a marble.)

John Ordway. Laggard again, eh, William? I'faith, then, thou must do my errand. Take this inkhorn to be filled. Be quick about it!

Thomas Dibben (coming forward). Odds bodies! By what right dost thou give orders to my fag, William Hayward?

John. I have right enough. He was the last fag to heed when I called "Come here." And the last fag to come needs must do the errand.

Thomas. You lie! Ralph there (pointing to another smaller boy) was the last.

John. Dost give me the lie! Take that, then! (He knocks off the other boy's hat.)

Thomas. Thou villain! (He hits back.)

(All the other boys crowd around the fighters and for a moment a lively fight ensues, but] a bell sounds outside [and interrupts the battle.])

The Boys. Hist! The school bell! [Stop your fighting. We'll all be flogged.] (They rush off pell-mell, [the boys who were fighting being the last to go. But they, too, rush off in great haste calling out, "I'll settle thee later!" "I'll settle thee and make thee a fine mash of bloody bones !"] As they run off, Youth slips quickly from his place in the wings and hides in the hollow tree.

A shuffling of many feet is now heard outside, and presently several lines of boys enter in single file, an usher, or older boy, in charge of each. Each line is preceded by boys who carry plain benches and desks, the latter being made of a long board nailed to uprights. These are placed before each bench, the benches being placed in rows facing the right of the stage.

Now the Headmaster enters, preceded by boys who bring in his desk and chair, which they place on the right of the stage facing the benches. He is a pale, sour-visaged young man in a long black robe and round cap. He carries some large books in one hand and a bundle of switches in the other. He now raps sharply on the desk. The boys straighten into stiff attitudes of attention.)

Headmaster. To your knees, for worship.

(The boys kneel, take off their caps, and bow their heads, as the Headmaster also kneels to mutter under his breath a prayer in Latin. When he is finished they all rise.)

Headmaster (sternly). Quiet, there! Are you mules or oxen to make such stampeding as of iron hoofs! (He lifts his switches threateningly. The boys cower and sink quietly into their seats.)

The lessons for the day will be but brief since 'tis the day of Reckoning, Friday, when just punishment for all offenses will be meted out by our head Provost. The fourth form will now come forward for instruction in the "Vocabula." The rest will prepare the lesson in "Donatus," the Latin grammar, and in writing set forth for them last eventide, to be recited later. The usher of the first form will instruct in the "Accidence" from the wall book.

(*There now ensue a few moments of confusion. The fourth form boys come forward to the master's desk, while the small boys rise and go to one side, where they cluster about an usher who instructs them, in dumb show, from a large book which is placed on a shelf that has been nailed crosswise to a tall post, where the book can be seen by all. The boys who have been told to study get out their books or paper and quills, as the case may be, and bury their faces in their tasks. Some of the boys use Hornbooks. (See Appendix.)*)

The little fag, who went on the errand to the tailor, returns at this point and tries to reach his place at the wall book with the others without attracting any notice, but he is unsuccessful.)

Headmaster (frowning). Richard Cartwright: For being late, five blows to be administered at the Reckoning.

(The poor little fellow slinks away and joins his mates at their lesson.)

Headmaster (spreading open a large leather covered book). Today I will read from the "Vocabula," when each scholar will repeat the words in rote. So shall the words be kept in memory. Edward Waynflete, thou shalt head the line. (One of the boys takes his place at the head of the line of boys which is facing the Headmaster's desk.)

Headmaster. "Prora navis, the foremost part of the shyppe."

Edward. "Prora navis, the foremost part of the shyppe."

Second Boy. "Prora navis, the foremost part of the shyppe."

Third Boy. "Prora navis, the foremost part of the shyppe."

Fourth Boy. "Prora navis, the foremost part of the shyppe."

Headmaster. "Puppis rostrum, the hynder parte of the shyppe."

Edward. "Puppis rostrum, the hynder parte of the shyppe."

Second Boy. "Puppis rostrum, the hynder parte of the shyppe."

(Each boy repeats the line, but one of the boys stumbles a little, at which the master raps him sharply with the switches. The boy cowers and in a trembling voice repeats the words correctly.)

Headmaster. "Antenna, the sayleward." (Each boy repeats this in turn as before.)

Headmaster. "Malus, the mast." (Each boy repeats this in turn as before.)

(As the boys are reciting, an usher walks up and down the benches supervising the work of the scholars there and occasionally shaking

one of them roughly for inattention. The usher of the first form continues to instruct the smaller boys in their work.

There now enters with great show of pride and self-importance the dreaded figure of the Provost, a harsh-faced man, with a grizzled beard. He wears a long black gown and cap, and carries a bundle of switches and a book.)

Headmaster (rising). The Provost. Your manners, fellows.

(At this all the boys turn or rise, as the case may be, and bow with cap in hand. The Provost takes the seat vacated by the Headmaster, who stands near by.)

Provost (to the boys). Resume your seats. And mind—no noise!

(The boys tiptoe back to their seats.)

Provost (opening his book). 'Tis the record of a black week that is spread before me, of divers foul offenses. (He looks at the boys with beetling brows through his horn-rimmed spectacles.) There is scarce a boy who will escape 10 lashes, and for the most part there be more boys to suffer worse. (The boys squirm in their seats.) Here be written down the nature of the offenses together with the punishments withal.

Thomas Dibben, for bringing meat into the school, an offense expressly forbidden by the Founders—20 blows. (Thomas cringes.)

William Hayward, for aiding in the offense—12 blows. (William winces.)

Edward Waynflete, for absence from the morning session on the first day of the week—10 blows. (Edward blinks.)

John Burgess, for the offense of getting tallow drippings on his book—10 blows.

Henry Wetmore, for delinquency in Latin verse—15 blows.

John Ordway, for the same offense—the same punishment.

Ralph Wendall, for the wetting of his feet when gathering boughs for May Day—7 blows.

Samuel Ward, the worst offender (he glowers at the boy), hath been found guilty of joining in the foul offense of cock-baiting and cock-fighting, for the which he is to be bounden to the flogging stool to suffer 30 lashes. (Samuel groans and bows his head on the desk. The other boys roll their eyes at him pityingly, but make no comment.)

Henry Waite, Sidney White, Joseph Read, George Calloway, Lewis Cotton, all for lateness (at this point the Headmaster whispers in the Provost's ear; the Provost nods portentously), and Richard Cartwright, 8 strokes each. (He rises.) We will now withdraw into the precincts of the lower chambers that the unseemly outeries of the offenders may not disturb the quiet of the passers-by. The offenders will form in lines under the guidance of the ushers,

the while those who have escaped punishment will retire to peruse their lessons within the cloisters under Headmaster Wrangle here. (*He raps on the desk.*) To your places, quickly! (*The boys take their respective places. The good boys now file out to the Right under the Headmaster's stern gaze, while the culprits, with downcast faces, go out Left under the menacing glance of the ruthless Provost.* As the boys file out, Left and Right, Youth comes from his hiding place and walks thoughtfully to the Center of the stage. A shuffling step is heard and the Old Woman enters, muttering to herself, "Well, well! Well, well! Well, well! Well, well!"

Youth (turning). Granny! You, again!

The Old Woman. Aye, I was watching.

Youth. You think as I do—I see it in your face. (*The Old Woman nods her head.*) Why, I never even thought of looking for my kindred in such a school, where they flogged so and fought so and had no trace of gentleness.

The Old Woman. Aye, you are right. But you must not forget that at least 'twas the sons of rich and poor alike who were flogged and who fought, and not just the privileged.

Youth (striking his fist to his palm). Now I know what the trouble was with the wondrous school in the garden where I saw all my kindred, even as in the days of Greece. Only the children of the rich were there. And so it was with Rome.

The Old Woman. Aye, only the privileged.

Youth (thoughtfully). Granny, I begin to see. Every school, it seems, has some fault, or perhaps many faults, which cloak my dear kindred in some disguise.

The Old Woman. Why, I shouldn't wonder.

Youth. So I must search till I find a school where children of all degrees, rich and poor, boys and girls, are taught freely and gladly. Then shall my kindred be restored to my arms!

[The Old Woman. You're getting close—pretty close to the truth.

Youth (with shining face). Now I know—I know I shall find them!

The Old Woman (chuckling). That's the boy, that's the lad for me!]

ACTION 8

THE LITTLE RED SCHOOLHOUSE

1800 TO 1850, IN AMERICA

(*In the distance, childish voices are heard singing, "London Bridge is Falling Down."*)

The Old Woman. My, my! What's that? Another school! Well, watch here, my lad. I must be off again.

Youth. Aye, I'll hide myself, for look, both boys and girls, high and low, come. Ah, here—here I shall find my beloved companions! (*He slips into the hollow tree, while the Old Woman hobbles off, Left.*)

(*The voices come nearer and now there enter groups of children, ranging from 3 or 4 years of age to 12 or 15, group by group and singly also. They carry lunch baskets and some of them carry roadside bouquets. The girls wear floppy sunbonnets and very plain high-waisted calico dresses with long skirts. The boys wear long trousers, rather full, and short round jackets which make them look like miniature menfolk. They also wear caps with visors or stiff hats with narrow brims.*

Some of the children play London Bridge, or tag or leapfrog, while still others play marbles and spin tops. Two little girls compare their samplers and quilting squares which they have brought to school to learn how to make "cross stitch" and to sew "over and over."

A shout now goes up from the children, "Here comes the Schoolma'm!" whereupon they all race to one side of the stage, where they stand clustered together waiting for the teacher's arrival.

In a moment she appears, a pleasant faced girl of 20, wearing a plain calico dress and a sunbonnet and carrying a lunch basket like the children, together with a small geographical globe.

The children all greet her with their "manners," crying "good-morning, ma'am!" The boys take off their hats and make stiff little bows of the head, while the girls make little curtseys.)

The Schoolma'm. Good morning, children. It's a pleasant day, isn't it?

The Children. Yes, ma'am. Yes, ma'am.

(The children with the flowers come forward and give her their bouquets, saying, "We brought you these, Ma'am. We picked them by the roadside." She thanks them with genuine pleasure and tucks the flowers into her sunbonnet, which she now takes off.)

The Schoolma'm. Ebenezer, Henry, you older boys, get the benches and desks straight, please, and the other children place their bonnets and caps all together in one place, neatly.

(The children do as she bids them, the girls placing their bonnets on one side of the stage at the rear while the boys place their caps on the opposite side. Meanwhile the older boys straighten the benches which have been left behind by the English boys, as the benches were very similar. The master's desk is left for the teacher to use. The boys place the benches in a rectangle with one side left open for the teacher's desk and chair, placed Right of stage. There is a double row of benches, one row in front of the other. The desks are placed

back of the rear row of benches so that the older children, when writing, sit with their backs to the teacher.)

The Schoolma'am (rapping on the desk). School will now begin. (The children run to their seats, the older boys and girls seating themselves on the rear benches while the younger children sit on the front benches.)

The Schoolma'am. Now we will have the opening exercises, a Bible verse from each child. Abigail, you may begin and we will go straight round. Just the little ones to-day.

Abigail (hopping up and reciting very loudly and quickly). "And He opened His mouth and taught them, saying:" (She sits down.)

The Schoolma'am. Next.

The Next Child (hopping up). "Jesus wept." (She sits down.)

The Schoolma'am. Next.

The Next Child. "Blessed be the peacemakers."

The Schoolma'am. Next.

The Next Child (repeating the same business). "Jesus wept."

(And so on, until all the smallest children have given a verse, each one, of course, selecting the shortest and easiest "verse" that could be found in the Bible.)

The Schoolma'am. The older scholars will now study their writing. Hester, you will please to hand these copy books to the class, in which I have "set the copy."

(Hester comes forward and gets the copy books and passes them to the older children. They are brown paper-covered "homemade" books of foolscap, folded twice.)

The Schoolma'am. There are two sentences which I have written at the top of the page for you to copy. Edward, please read the one in your copy book.

Edward (reading laboriously). "Take ye my yoke, so Jesus spoke." (The New England Primer.)

The Schoolma'am. Polly, what does yours say.

Polly (reading more glibly). "In Adam's fall we sin-ned all." (The New England Primer.)

The Schoolma'am. Now go at once to your writing and be careful not to mar the page with errors.

(The children take the "plummets"—rude, thick pencils, some of which are made like small tomahawks—from their necks, where they have been suspended by means of string, and begin to write.)

The Schoolma'am. Eunice and Sally will do their sewing to-day. Fetch your sampler and your quilting at once.

(The little girls run and get their sewing and sit together a little apart from the others.)

The Schoolma'am. The first class will now come forward to recite their letters. (The little ones come forward to the teacher's desk.)

The Schoolma'am (pointing with her quill pen to the letters in the blue-covered book, "The New England Primer," published, first edition, about 1691, but reprinted many times and used well into the nineteenth century). Jonas, what is that syllable?

Jonas. B-a, Ba.

The Schoolma'am (pointing) And this?

Jonas. C-a, Ca.

The Schoolma'am. And this?

Jonas. D-a, Da.

The Schoolma'am. Good. Now, Rose, what is this?

Rose. F-a, Fa.

The Schoolma'am. And this?

Rose (stumbling). H- G- H—

The Schoolma'am. No, Rose, look again.

Rose. Oh, I see: G-a, Ga.

The Schoolma'am. Good, and this?

Rose. H-a, Ha.

The Schoolma'am. William, what is this?

William. J-a, Jay.

One of the Older Boys (who has been listening to the children recite instead of writing). Haw! Haw!

The Schoolma'am. Ebenezer, what are you laughing at?

Ebenezer (shamefaced). Nawthin', ma'am.

The Schoolma'am. If I hear you again, I shall have to keep you after school.

(Ebenezer becomes very busy with his writing.)

The Schoolma'am. William, what is this?

William. K-a, Ka.

The Schoolma'am. Deborah, what is this?

Deborah. L-a, La.

The Schoolma'am. And this?

Deborah. H-a, Ha.

The Schoolma'am. No, Deborah, think again.

(Deborah is dumb.)

The Schoolma'am (to the next child below). Mary, can you answer?

Mary (delightedly). M-a, Ma.

The Schoolma'am. Correct, you may take Deborah's place.

(The two children exchange places, much to Deborah's chagrin.)

John (shouting from his place). I want a drink, ma'am.

Several of the other children. So do I. So do I.

The Schoolma'am. Very well. John, you may pass the water bucket.

(John passes the water pail, handing the tin dipper to each child.)

The Schoolma'am. What is this, Nelly?

Nelly. N-a, Na.

The Schoolma'am. And this?

Nelly. P-a, Pa.

The Schoolma'am. And this?

Nelly. R-a, Ra.

The Schoolma'am. That is all for to-day, children. You may return to your seats. (*They obey with a good deal of clatter.*)

The Schoolma'am. Not so much noise, children! I shall have to punish you. (*They become quieter.*) Now the second class will come forward for arithmetic. It will be oral arithmetic to-day. (*The second class drops its writing and comes forward.*) Robert, are you at the head of the class to-day?

Robert. Yes, ma'am.

The Schoolma'am. Very well, then take your place and the rest "toe the mark." (*The children form themselves into a straight line, looking down at their feet as though at a crack in the floor.*) Robert, answer this: "John made three marks on one leaf of his book and six on another. How many marks did he make?" (*From "Barnard's Arithmetic," pub. 1830.*)

Robert. Nine.

The Schoolma'am. Correct. Next. (*To the next child.*) "His teacher punished him for soiling the book, by giving him four blows on one hand and five on the other. How many blows did he strike him?" (*Barnard's Arithmetic.*)

Jenny. Nine blows.

The Schoolma'am. Correct. Next. "Seven boys laughed at him on one side of the house when he was punished, and two on the other. How many boys laughed?" (*Barnard's Arithmetic.*)

Thomas (who has not been listening). Ten.

The Schoolma'am. What, again, Thomas? You have missed the answer every day this week. You will have to take the punishment such inattention deserves. Come—to the Dunce's Stool.

(*She places a tall pointed cap on the boy's head and makes him mount a tall three-legged stool. Some of the children titter.*)

The Schoolma'am (sternly). Let me hear another laugh and I'll give you all a taste of the ruler. (*The children become sober instantly.*)

The Schoolma'am. Now Rhoda, what is the correct answer?

Rhoda. Nine.

The Schoolma'am. That is right. [Next. (*To the next child.*) "Judas, one of the twelve Apostles, hung himself, how many were there left?" (*From Franklin's Arithmetic, 1832.*)

Sarah. Eleven.

The Schoolma'am. Correct. Next. "A boy played three days in the week, how many did he work?" (*Franklin's Arithmetic.*)

Frank. Four.

The Schoolma'am. Wrong. Next.

Charles (bewildered). Two.

The Schoolma'am. Wrong. Can no one tell? (*They are all dumb.*) Well, well, what a stupid lot you are! He could not work on the Sabbath, could he?

The Children. No, ma'am.

The Schoolma'am. Then how many days did he work?

Robert (the head boy). Three.

The Schoolma'am. Correct.] Well, that's all we will have today. You may all take your seats. (*The children return to their seats.*) Now Eunice, I will hear you recite your poem which you are to give the Last Day of School. It is only three days off, remember. (*There are grins of delight from the boys at this thought.*)

Eunice (who has come to the teacher's desk, and has turned to face the school). "Against Pride in Clothes."

The Schoolma'am. Eunice, where are your "manners"?

Eunice. Oh, I forgot. (*She curtsies.*)

"AGAINST PRIDE IN CLOTHES"

(*Alexander's Spelling Book, 1799*)

How proud we are! how fond to show
Our clothes, and call them rich and new!
When the poor sheep and silkworm wore
That very clothing long before.

The tulip and the butterfly
Appear in gayer coats than I:
Let me be dressed fine as I will,
Flies, worms and flowers exceed me still.

[Then I will set my heart to find
Inward adornings of the mind;
Knowledge and virtue, truth and grace,
These are the robes of richest dress.

No more shall worms with me compare;
This is the raiment Angels wear;
It takes no spot, but still refines;
The more 'tis worn, the more it shines.]

(*Eunice curtsies.*)

The Schoolma'am. That was well done, Eunice. You have improved in the rendering of the poem, which teaches a very helpful lesson, especially to little girls. That will do. (*Eunice goes to her seat.*)

The Schoolma'am. Samuel, you will be called upon to read on the Last Day of School, so it is necessary that you practice before

the school that you may learn to feel at ease. (*Samuel, a gawky, long-legged boy, whose trousers are too short for him as well as his sleeves, now rises and shambles forward to the desk.*)

Samuel. What shall I read?

The Schoolma'am. What would you read but the lesson you have practiced these last 10 days. There is the place in the Primer. (*She hands him the Primer.*)

Samuel (*makes an awkward bow and begins to read in a stiff, unnatural high tone of voice.*). "The History of Master Tommy Fido."

The Schoolma'am. Samuel, how often have I told you to pitch your voice lower when you read.

Samuel (*lowering his voice*). "The History of Master Tommy Fido. As Goodness and Learning make the Child a Man, so Piety makes him an Angel. Master Tommy Fido not only loved his Book because it made him wiser, but because it made him better too. * * * He loved his Papa and Mamma" (*Samuel pronounces these "Popper" and "Mommer"*)—

The Schoolma'am. Samuel, every time, I have to remind you that the proper pronunciation of those two words is "Papa" (*accent on on the last syllable*), and "Mamma" (*accent again on the last syllable*).

Samuel (*with no change of expression on his face*). "Papa and Mamma, his Brothers and Sisters, with the dearest affection. He learnt his duty to God, thanked him for his Goodness, and was glad that he had not made him a Horse or a Cow, but had given him sense enough to know his Duty, and every day when he said his Prayers, thanked God for making him a little man. [One Day he went to Church; he minded what the Parson said, and when he came home asked his Popper—Papa—if God loved him; his Papa said Yes, my Dear. O! my dear Pop—Papa, said he, I am glad to hear it; what a charming thing it is to have God my Friend! then nothing can hurt me; I am sure I will love him as well as ever I can. Thus he every day grew wiser and better.] Everybody was pleased with him, he had many friends, the Poor blessed him, and every one strove to make him happy." (*Samuel bows and seems to be glad that he has finished.*) (*This is from the 1771 edition of the New England Primer.*)

The Schoolma'am. That will do, Samuel. I trust you will remember the proper pronunciation of those two words. You can assist your memory by calling your father and mother by these names, pronounced the correct way.

Samuel, (*stoically*). Yes, ma'am. (*He returns with shambling step to his seat.*)

The Schoolma'am. Jenny, go and see if the sun's shadow has reached the notch on the bench there. If it has, it is 12 o'clock and time for dinner.

Jenny. Yes, ma'am. It's nearly past the notch.

The Schoolma'am. Very well, then, school is over for the morning. Fetch your lunch baskets and run out into the woods where it is cool. Thomas (*to the boy on the Dunce Stool*) you will have dinner with me.

(*The children rise and with a great hubbub run to fetch their baskets. As they compare the contents—bread and butter, dough-nuts, gingerbread and apples—Youth comes from the hollow tree and approaches the teacher.*)

Schoolma'am. Dear, me, what a strange little boy! (*All the children turn to look.*) What do you want, child?

Youth. I've come for my kindred.

Schoolma'am. Your "kindred"! (*All the children laugh.*)

Youth. Yes, though they wear different clothes, there is my Sister (*pointing to Eunice*), and there is Mentor (*pointing to Robert*) and there is Hector (*pointing to Ebenezer*).

The Children (*laughing*). What a funny boy! "Hector" and "Mentor"!

The Schoolma'am (*sternly*). Now, my little boy, you had better not try to joke. You had much better run home and ask your mother to get you some better clothes.

Youth. But I'm their Brother!

The Children (*laughing*). "Their Brother"! Why, he's crazy!

The Schoolma'am. That will do, children. (*The children stop laughing.*) Now run along home, my boy, because I don't wish to have to punish you. Come along, children. (*The children linger.*) Come, I say! (*They follow the Schoolma'am reluctantly.*) Youth has turned and walked away sadly. *The children go out turning every now and then to stare, wonderingly, at the dejected little figure of Youth.*)

Youth (*when they are gone*). Oh, when—oh, where shall I ever find that blessed school, with my darling Brothers and Sister in their very own guise! Where, oh where is that blessed school?

ACTION 4

THE SCHOOL OF TO-DAY

(*As if in answer to his longing cry, childish voices are heard singing the strains of "America, the Beautiful," in the distance. Youth stands transfixed, then slowly turns and faces Right, whence the sound comes; then step by step he retreats into the wings, Left*)

As the voices come nearer, groups of boys and girls enter, Right, singing. The children are dressed in the simple, everyday clothes of American school children. Their faces are clean and shine with good cheer. The Singing Teacher leads them in and continues to direct them, standing up-stage, Center, as the children march in, forming groups Left and Right of the stage.)

Singing Teacher (when they have finished singing). That was very good. [Now let us sing the opening song of the pageant which we're to give so soon, at the end of school. You remember, it is (she states the name). Ready, begin!

(The children now sing, following the baton of the Singing Teacher with precision.)

Singing Teacher (as they finish). Well done. We will practice the other pageant songs to-morrow morning at the opening of school.] (She now relinquishes her place to the Principal of the school.)

The Principal. I'm glad to hear you sing the pageant song so well. And now that the date of the pageant is so near, we shall use the auditorium for rehearsals, the latter part of the morning. First, however, the usual classes in English, arithmetic, writing, history, physics, nature study, etc., will go to their rooms.

(The piano begins to play softly and groups of boys and girls file out Left and Right to their classrooms, leaving, however, a goodly number of children behind.)

The Principal. Miss Hartwell, I leave the auditorium in your hands as usual. (Miss Hartwell smiles and bows as she takes the Principal's place, while the Principal goes out.)

Miss Hartwell. Roger Wells is to be presiding officer for the class in civics and citizenship to-day, with Gretchen Schmidt as secretary. You may take your places.

(Roger, a tall boy of 14 years, takes Miss Hartwell's place, while Gretchen, a girl of 12, of Germanic descent, stands by his side. Miss Hartwell moves down-stage among the children.)

Roger. The boys will please arrange the benches and bring a table and chairs here. (The boys do as he bids, promptly and quietly arranging the benches, which have been left from the previous scene, in rows "up and down" stage at right angles to the audience, with a broad aisle open through the center. They also bring a table and two chairs which they place for Roger and Gretchen up-stage, while they remove the old-fashioned desk of the previous scene.)

Roger (when this is done and the children are seated). Tony Delvechio will give a brief talk on the "Water Ways of the Community."

(Tony, a bright-eyed boy of Italian extraction, comes forward, while two other boys bring a blackboard and place it near him. He

now proceeds to give a three-minute talk on his subject, illustrating it with diagrams on the blackboard. When he finishes, the children applaud, while Roger and Gretchen take their seats with the other children.

Several boys now enter with a table on which is a relief map in clay. They place it down-stage, Center.)

Miss Hartwell (to a boy of Greek extraction). For the lesson in geography, you may explain the relief map, Orfanus.

Orfanus. This is a relief map of (he names a section of the outlying country near by, and then goes on to explain the different geological formations of the rock and soil, together with other features of interest).

Miss Hartwell (when he has finished). That was very interesting. You may take the map to the hall now, where it will remain until after the exhibition at the end of school. (The boys go out with the table.)

[(A class of boys and girls enters with large, colorful posters.)

Miss Hartwell. Explain about these posters, won't you, Elizabeth?

Elizabeth (a little girl with flowing ringlets and soft, bright eyes). They are the posters for the pageant. We've been making them in the art class.

Miss Hartwell. Which has been chosen to represent the pageant, Elizabeth? (Elizabeth is silent.)

Gladys (another member of the class). Elizabeth's is the best. We chose it unanimously. (The children who are seated applaud.)

Miss Hartwell. It seems to me a good choice. You may take them to the exhibition, where I suppose they are to be on view.

The Children. Yes, Miss Hartwell. (They go out, Left, with the posters.) A scuffling is heard and a book falls to the ground with a bang. Two boys are struggling to pick it up.)

Miss Hartwell. Patrick! Charles! What is the trouble?

Patrick. Charles took my arithmetic.

Charles. But I thought it was mine.

Patrick. No, it's mine. It's a red-covered one.

Charles. Mine is red; too.

Miss Hartwell. Well, boys, there seems to be some misunderstanding. What shall we do about it?

Ivan (a boy of Russian extraction, who is seated). We have a meeting of the Students' Council this afternoon, Miss Hartwell, and we might settle it there.

Miss Hartwell. Very well, Ivan, the Students' Council rules here. We don't have switches and beatings as they used to have in the old days. We expect you children to govern yourselves. (To the disputants.) That's fair, isn't it?

The Two Boys. Yes'm, that's fair.

[*(Some girls in pretty white caps and white aprons now enter carrying racks in which there are milk bottles with straws.)*

Miss Hartwell. The children who are under weight may go to the lunch room and get their quota of milk. *Isabel* (*to a thin little girl*), have you gained any weight lately?

Isabel. Yes, Miss Hartwell. I've gained a pound and three-quarters in the last eight days. But it isn't only the milk. I've been to bed early every night and slept with my window open.

Miss Hartwell. Good. (*To one of the girls in a white cap and apron.*) Ethel, what have you been learning in the domestic economy class to-day?

Ethel. We've been learning all about invalids' trays.

Dorothy (*another girl in white cap and apron*). We've also been going over the accounts of the lunch room and find that we shall be 10 dollars ahead this month.

Miss Hartwell. That's splendid. You girls run the lunch room remarkably well.

(A bell rings, outside. All the children now file out Left and Right to their classes. A class of very little children enters. They are dressed in quaint costumes. The little boys represent bees and beetles, while the little girls represent butterflies and flowers. A teacher, together with a few older girls, enters. They carry garments on their arms.)

Miss Emory (*the kindergarten teacher*). We have brought the kindergarten class here for their dress rehearsal, Miss Hartwell.

Miss Hartwell. Quite right. The auditorium will now be used for rehearsing. (*To a few boys who have remained seated.*) Boys please remove the benches and other things. Then you may go to your class on the playground. (*The boys obey her quietly and promptly.*) What lovely costumes! (*To Miss Emory.*) Did the girls in the sewing class make them?

Miss Emory. Yes, they designed and made every costume in the pageant. Here are the costumes for some of the symbolic characters. (*The girls hold up the garments they are carrying which are lovely in color and design.*)

Miss Hartwell. How interesting! What a lovely pageant we shall have! It was devised by the English class, wasn't it?

Miss Emory. Yes, it is a modern interpretation of an old May Day Fête. The kindergarten children represent flowers and insects and butterflies—things one finds in the garden. They are going to dance their flower garden dance. Come, children, find your places.

(*The children take their places and go through their dance to piano accompaniment.*)

Miss Hartwell (when the dance is finished). What a delightful little dance!

Miss Emory. The children have practiced faithfully. Come, children, we will return and change our costumes. (*They all go out, while the piano plays softly.*)

(*A group of boys now files in. They are dressed in bright sweatshirts and short trousers to above the knee, with legs and feet bare save for sandals, or sneakers. A sturdy, tousled-headed boy, their captain, leads them in.*)

Henry (the captain). We were told to come here to rehearse for the pageant, Miss Hartwell.

Miss Hartwell. That was right, Henry. What is your part in the pageant?

Henry. It is a kind of rhythmic dance, something on the order of the ancient Greek dances, in which we illustrate what we do for the track, for football and other outdoor sports. (*To the boys.*) Take your places.

(*The boys now go through their dance, to piano accompaniment, which combines athletic movements of the body with movements of games, such as leapfrog (rhythmic) and other features illustrative of athletic training.*)

Miss Hartwell. That was excellent, boys. How does this fit into the rest of the pageant?

Henry. It comes at the end of the pageant, when we review all the activities of the school that are typical of outdoor life. (*To the boys.*) Right about face to the gym and a bath! (*All the boys run off, Left.*)

(*A procession of boys and girls now enters carrying different things which have been made in school.*)

Miss Hartwell. Well, well! Here come the things on their way to the exhibition. (*As each group passes she comments on what they carry.*) Here are the exhibits from the classes in weaving (*the children bring baskets, mats, etc.*) ; the carpentry classes (*toys, small furniture, etc.*) ; the cooking class (*preserves, loaves of bread, etc.*) ; the drawing class (*sketches in color, lettering, etc.*) ; the modeling class (*models, in clay, of animals, houses, etc.*) ; radio outfits made by the boys in the shop (*as these pass*). What are you doing, George, with that big rock? (*To one of the boys who is helping to carry what looks like a boulder.*)

George. It's a "property rock" for the pageant. We made it in the shop out of wet newspaper over wire. Then we coated it with plaster of Paris.

John (another boy). And it only cost 52 cents.

Miss Hartwell. Why, that's a clever piece of work.

John. We're going to place it in the hall where everybody'll be sure to see it. (*The boys go out, Left.*)

(*Now there troop in groups of girls dressed in soft costumes of delicate, lustrous colors. Leading them comes Elizabeth, dressed in flowing draperies of rose and violet. She is strikingly like Psyche.*)

Miss Hartwell. Why, here are some fairies with their queen!

Marion (one of the girls). No, Miss Hartwell, we are the Nine Muses who attend on the Spirit of Love and Beauty, who is Elizabeth.

Miss Hartwell. How sweet you look, Elizabeth! What do you do in the pageant?

Elizabeth. I hold court with all about me, but first the Muses and I have a dance and then the other symbolic characters come in. They will soon be here to rehearse.

(*A bell rings.*)

Miss Hartwell. I wish I could stay and see it all, but there is the noon bell and I have a conference. I'll see it later, though. (*She goes out.*)

Elizabeth (to the girls). Let's begin.

(*They now go through the measures of a stately dance centering about Elizabeth, to whom, as the Spirit of Love and Beauty, they do homage. As the dance ends, a boy's voice is heard outside, Right, calling, "Hail to the Spirit of Love and Beauty!"*)

Elizabeth (to the girls). It's Roger, coming to rehearse. Now we'll go on just as though it was the pageant.

The Girls. All right. (*They move aside and stand in effective grouping, Left and Right of the stage.*)

A youth enters now, from the Right, dressed in Greek garments. It is Roger, but in his altered dress he strangely resembles Mentor, Youth's elder Brother.)

Roger (raising his hand in salute). Hail! bright Spirit.

Elizabeth (saluting likewise). Hail! Spirit of the Mind.

Henry (appearing on the Left, still wearing his costume of the dance). Hail, Friends!

Elizabeth (greeting him). Hail! Spirit of Bodily Vigor. (*To both, who come forward.*) Now join me, kind Spirits, that together we may bring our message of Springtime to the Spirit of Youth. Come, let us find him!

Youth (who has come from the hollow tree and stands watching the scene breathlessly). I am here, dearest kindred. Waiting and longing! (*He stretches out his arms.*)

Elizabeth. Why, look, Youth has come!

Roger and Henry. Why, yes, 'tis our Brother!

Elizabeth. Come, let us greet him! (*They rush forward, meeting Youth down-stage, Center, where they clasp him in their arms.*)

Youth (as he embraces each one). Found! Found at last! Dear Psyche! Dear Hector! Dear Mentor!

The Others. Dear Brother, we have missed you—missed you so terribly!

Youth. But how did you know me? Before, when I've called, you've never remembered me. But perhaps the black Sorcerer's spell has been broken.

Mentor (puzzled). "Sorcerer?" "Spell?"

Hector. Why, what do you mean?

Psyche (passing her hand over her brow). How strange it all seems—like a curious dream!

(*The Old Woman enters, up-stage, Right.*)

Youth. Ah, look, there is Granny! (*He runs toward her.*) See, Granny, I've found them!

The Old Woman. Found your dear kindred? Then the curse has been broken.

Youth. Aye, broken at last by the School of To-day!

Henry (coming to Youth's side). But who is this Granny?

Youth. A kindly old woman who helped me to find you. (*He turns to her.*) Granny, tell us who are you—so kind and so wise?

Granny. Aye, wise with the Wisdom of Ages. Behold! (*She throws off her dingy garments and stands before them in shining raiment, young, beautiful, and regal.*)

Youth (crying out). Pallas—the Goddess of Wisdom!

The Children (in awe, as they sink to their knees). The Goddess of Wisdom! (*The Muses also kneel, in their places apart.*)

Athena. Aye, Pallas-Athena. I threw off my rags when my mission was ended—my mission of guiding Youth down through the ages. But now Youth has found his three dear companions and in finding his kindred he has found his true self.

Youth (rising). Aye, we are one body (*Hector rises*); one mind: (*Mentor rises*); and one soul (*Psyche rises*).

(*The Muses also rise now and remain in their places.*)

Psyche (to Athena). Then are we not children—just children of to-day?

Athena. Aye, dear, you are children, but not alone of this age. For you are timeless—Youth's timeless companions, released and fulfilled by the School of To-day.

Youth. But I thought I should find them in the "Little Red Schoolhouse."

Athena. Nay, that was too limited. To-day, our great schools offer all boys and girls throughout the whole country free education, where body and mind as well as the soul find release and fulfillment.

Youth. Then the curse of the black-hearted Sorcerer is ended!

Athena. Aye, Ignorance is powerless when Wisdom grows strong!

All the Children (including the Muses). Hail to you, Goddess and Counsellor! (Psyche kisses the hem of Athena's gown.)

Athena (lifting her staff). Hail, and my blessings upon you, dear children! And now for your benefit, Youth, I will marshal all the Schools of the Past which you've tried and found wanting. For so you shall realize the boon you have found in this School of Fulfillment—the School of To-day!

(She lifts her staff. Immediately, stirring music is heard and now across the stage there come, group by group, all the Schools of the Past, beginning with China. Athena stands with Youth and his kindred, the Muses forming a lovely background, while the procession files past them. The marchers descend the steps leading from the stage to the auditorium and pass through the audience to the rear of the hall, where they go out.

As the School of To-day enters, the children come, singing the opening song of the pageant. At this point, the children of the school, who have not participated in the actual pageant but have been seated in the front rows of the audience, now rise and come to the stage, where they join in the song and follow their comrades out through the audience, their fresh young voices becoming fainter and fainter as the procession disappears in the distance.

As the last strains of song are heard, Athena lifts her staff in farewell and the curtains slowly close on the end of the pageant.)

APPENDIX

"THE GOLDEN AGE"

Allegorical

This epoch is, in reality, timeless. It is purely imaginary, being a time when, supposedly, Youth's threefold nature—body, mind, and soul—was fulfilled and expressed as nature intended.

The scene is, as the text states, a glade in the open country. The Forest of Ignorance, the Sorcerer, is off Left, while the open country is off Right.

PERSONS IN "THE GOLDEN AGE"

Youth, a lad of 12 years, slender, alert, imaginative.

Mentor, his elder brother, a lad of 14 or 15 years, tall, slender, thoughtful.

Hector, Youth's twin brother, sturdy, athletic, full of good spirits.

Psyche, Youth's sister, a little girl of 9 or 10 years, fair, delicate, "spirituelle."

Ignorance, the Sorcerer, a tall, gaunt man of 50.

The Old Woman (Pallas-Athena in disguise), apparently feeble and old, with a voice sometimes cracked, at other times quite melodious, as when explaining matters to Youth.

ACTION

Youth and his kindred should be children who can act well. They should be graceful, poised, and full of imagination. Ignorance is, as described, harsh and ugly in voice and look, but he speaks and acts with authority and a kind of gruesome magnetism. Throughout the pageant, the Old Woman must suggest subtly that she is not all that she seems, without giving away her identity or arousing too much suspicion.

COSTUMES

The Greek costume is chosen for the allegorical characters, as this is more impersonal than any other. The boys' costumes, together with the Old Woman's and the Sorcerer's, may be made of unbleached muslin, treated as described under "Costumes—General." The boys' costumes are left the natural white of the muslin, as this is a much pleasanter white than the usual pure white of the ordinary cottons. The Old Woman's costume and the Sorcerer's should be dyed.

Youth, Mentor, and Hector all wear a one-piece garment which is called the "chiton," the universal Greek garment. Take two straight pieces of cloth with the top and bottom cut straight across. Sew the sides together. Catch the edges of the top together on either shoulder, leaving a space for the head. The arms will come through the spaces on either side of these places caught on the shoulder. A girdle is placed around the waist (a cord of the same material may be used) and the material is pulled up slightly over this cord, while the folds are arranged very carefully so that they may hang evenly.

and the hem line be straight. The garment should come to just above the knees. Trunks should be worn underneath the garment. The arms and legs are bare.

Youth may have a gold border stenciled on the neck and hem of his chiton; Mentor, a border of blue and gold; while Hector may have a border of red and gold. (See under Greek costumes for design for border.)

Mentor should wear a "chlamys," a short cloak worn by Greek youths. This should be of the same material as the chiton, a straight piece of cloth 4 or 5 feet long by 3 feet wide and weighted at the four corners. It fastens on the right shoulder with a clasp. This, too, should have a border in blue and gold.

All the boys wear the hair short but not cropped, and a band is worn about the head. Sandals are worn by all.

Psyche should wear a "chiton," preferably of rose silk crêpe de chine or other soft, clinging material. This is a straight piece of cloth long enough to be draped at waist or hip line over a girdle, so that the hem reaches to midway between knee and ankle. The top edges are caught at the shoulders, leaving a space for the head. The sleeves are made by catching the two edges of the armhole together, front and back, with clasps at intervals on the top of the arm. Over this should be worn a transparent, straight, narrow piece of cloth made of chiffon or voile of violet color, to be caught together at waist line under the arms and allowed to flow freely otherwise. A wreath of flowers is worn on the flowing hair, while the sandals are white.

In the "School of To-day" the three children, Roger, Henry, and Elizabeth, when they enter dressed for their parts in the school pageant, should appear in these allegorical costumes.

The Old Woman has on a garment of rusty brown with streaks of gray. Over her head she wears a shawl or mantle which partly conceals her face. For all the scenes, save the last, where she throws off her disguise, she will have to be made up to look old.

Ignorance, the Sorcerer, wears a long trailing garment also. It is black, with streaks of green. A mantle also shades his face, but what can be seen of his face is ashen, with dark circles under his deep sunken eyes. He carries a tall, crooked staff.

Since it is difficult to describe how to make these two costumes, it is suggested that they be draped over a lining on the figure and then sewed in the proper places.

PROPERTIES

Faggots (carried by the Old Woman). Dried twigs and branches tied together in a bundle.

Staff (carried by the Old Woman). A straight staff which reaches about to her shoulder.

The other properties are included under Stage setting.

EARLY CHINESE EDUCATION

First Five Centuries B. C.

The oldest organized system of education which history has revealed, and which persists to this day, is that of China. From earliest times the Chinese attached the highest importance to education. In 2200 B. C. the great Emperor Shun instituted the system of holding examinations for officials every three

years that those who governed might be chosen for their ability rather than from any favoritism. This system of examinations exists to-day, with modifications, of course.

The art of writing was practiced in China as early as 1740 B. C., and it is believed that it existed 3,000 years ago. It was an old saying of the Chinese that "when letters were invented, the heavens, earth, and the gods were all agitated. The inhabitants of Hades wept at night; and the heavens, in an expression of joy, rained down ripe grain."

There was no state system of education in China, but each community was expected to support its own schools, which were under private instruction. Schools began at sunrise and ended at sunset. There were no weekly or yearly holidays save the annual holiday during the Feast of the Lanterns. This commences on the evening of the 13th day of the first month and continues till the evening of the 16th day. Lanterns are hung everywhere. The whole Empire is illuminated from one end to the other.

All boys, even of humble parentage, were given at least the rudiments of an education, while girls, too, in the olden time, were occasionally instructed, particularly in the Book of Odes, but this was not very common. The Book of Odes and the Book of Rites are among the Sacred Books written by Confucius. To this day these Sacred Books are used as textbooks in China.

Chinese education was and is largely an exercise of the memory, as advanced scholars were and are required to know by heart all the Sacred Books, together with many other classics. The literary language of China differs so much from everyday speech that it is as difficult for a native to acquire as a foreign tongue.

The philosopher and teacher Confucius (born 551, died 478 B. C.) has had a greater influence than any other individual in China. He was a reformer, at one time honored, but late in life ignored. He died a disappointed man, but firmly believed that his ideas would eventually be adopted by his people. He lived in a degenerate time, and strove in his writings and teachings to revive interest in the customs and ideas of ancient days.

The subjects of study mentioned by the Teacher in this scene are those which were required in ancient days. Reverence for the past, filial piety, and ancestor worship are the three most potent elements in Chinese education to-day (save for a growing interest on the part of "young China" in western ideas), even as they were in the days of the olden time.

The scene as given in the pageant is supposed to take place in the garden outside the house of the Teacher. The Teacher's house, whence the boys come at the beginning of the scene, is supposed to be off Right.

PERSONS IN "EARLY EDUCATION IN CHINA"

The Teacher, a middle-aged man.

Li-Chang, a boy of 14 years (identified with *Mentor*).

Wang-Choie, Pao-Wen, Lee-Yuan, Wen-Hai, Chi-Lo, Kang-Hwa, Su-Lin.

Smaller boys from 7 to 10 years of age, to the number of at least eight.

ACTION

The Chinese are cheerful and smile a great deal. They are also quiet and gentle in manner. The boys, therefore, should not be boisterous, even though they are full of life. The Teacher bears himself with dignity and aloofness.

The manner of salutation is as follows: An inclination of the head and shoulders over the hands, which are brought together with finger tips bent and raised breast high.

The custom of the boys in turning their back on the Teacher when reciting persists to this day.

COSTUMES

In general.—"All colors are not suffered to be worn indiscriminately. The Emperor and the princes of the blood only are allowed to wear yellow, although violet color is sometimes chosen by mandarins of rank on days of ceremony. The common people seldom wear any other than blue or black, and white is universally adopted for mourning." (From "The Costume of China"—See Bibliography under Costumes and Properties.)

Since, however, the school depicted is supposed to educate children of all ranks, more colors than blue and black may well be used, although yellow should not be one of them. A deep blue, however, was and is the predominant shade worn by the Chinese. Crimson, buff, and green are also worn. The study of Chinese prints would help to gauge the kind of color to use.

So far as can be ascertained, the costume of the Chinese has not altered a great deal since early times. The most important change is in the length of the garment. The Teacher could wear a long, voluminous garment (perhaps a greenish-buff color) trailing about his feet. The wide sleeves extend at least 6 inches beyond the hand. These may be lined with white, and a white linen kerchief is tucked in softly about the neck. A girdle of deep blue, about 2 inches wide, studded with shells or bronze ornaments, encircles the body just above the hips. The hat is black satin, similar to a Liberty cap, with black ear flaps about $1\frac{1}{4}$ inches wide by 4 inches long, rounded at the ends, which stand out from the head. The flaps would have to be wired. The shoes are red silk, and the toes are round and turn up in a little fan-like design.

Still another costume appropriate for the Teacher is a voluminous under-garment of buff, with another garment of crimson over this, reaching below the knees. Over this is a long, deep blue coat reaching to the knees, bordered in black with white linen in the long wide sleeves and white linen at the neck. The coat flares gradually from the neck down, so that the crimson garment shows.

The opulent, the learned, and the mandarins usually let the nails of the left hand grow very long to show that they were not engaged in manual labor. The Teacher, therefore, may paste on court-plaster or celluloid nails, if it is desired to give a realistic touch. (They may be 2 inches long.)

The boys' costume is a straight, scant (what is known as the "Chinese") coat over loose trousers. The coat, which may be bordered in black and fastened with "frogs," should be a deeper shade or a contrasting shade with the trousers. Sometimes the coats come to just above the knees and sometimes just below. The cap is round and black, with a red tassel. The shoes are red or other bright color, as well as black, with round toes like a bedroom slipper.

All the characters have yellow skins and hands, not too dark. The corners of the eyes should be lifted to suggest the slant of the Chinese eye, the eyebrows should be well arched, the lips not too red. The boys, as well as the Teacher, wear their hair drawn up in a tiny knot on the top of the head. They wore no pigtail in those days. All the hair is black. A stocking leg may cover the head to suggest the black hair worn tight to the head. The Teacher wears two long drooping black mustaches.

PROPERTIES

Tables (carried in by the boys). These should be small, square tables on legs about 16 inches in height. They should be stained black in imitation of teakwood. To make them completely accurate, they should be embellished with scrolls in the Chinese fashion.

Bamboo boxes (supposedly for lacquer). Square boxes made of pasteboard and painted to resemble bamboo would do. There need be no actual lacquer. There was no ink in those days. It was introduced into China from India about the first century A. D.

Camel's-hair brushes. Any small paintbrushes with long, slim wooden handles would do. The brush part may be made of paper, if desired, the tips stained black to suggest the use of lacquer.

Tea tray, etc. Any child's tea set of white, painted a Chinese red or blue. The cup should be without a handle. The tray should be painted black to suggest lacquer, which has a high polish.

The calculating machine (or Sonan-Pan). Ivory balls on wires, placed in a rectangular frame. May be secured from a Chinese shop. Many kindergartens use them. (See Encyclopaedia Britannica under "Abacus.")

Bamboo stick (on Teacher's desk). Any slim, round stick painted to resemble bamboo.

Mat (for the Teacher). A square of oilcloth, painted (with flat paint to remove the shine) a faint green to resemble rushes.

Bamboo writing tablets. These may be made of pasteboard, painted to resemble bamboo. They should measure about 10 by 6 inches. There was no paper in those days.

Book of Rites. (Bamboo book brought in by Teacher). This may be made of pasteboard to resemble the bamboo leaves, and bound in cloth to resemble leather. The book should be large, about 16 by 14 inches and about 3 inches thick.

Bows and arrows. "The staff of the Chinese arrow is generally of fir, sometimes of reed and very neatly made * * *. These arrows are armed with a sharp head of iron of a rhombic form * * *. (The bow) is composed of pliable wood, lined with buffalo horn. The form of this bow, strung, or when the arrow is drawn to the head, exactly resembles the ancient Scythians; when unstrung it flies back and assumes a figure nearly circular. The bow-string is about the size of a small goose quill and is composed of united silken threads." (From "The Costume of China.")

Target. No description seems to be obtainable, but it is more than likely that the target used resembled all such targets, so that it would be safe to say that it should be round and stuffed, with the circles painted in Chinese red, blue, white, and with the bull's-eye in black.

See Bibliography for books of reference.

EARLY HEBREW EDUCATION

From 1095 B. C. (the Prophet Samuel) to 458 B. C. (Ezra's death)

Since the contribution of the Hebrew race to the history of education was so largely spiritual, the period of Hebrew education which has been chosen for the pageant is during those centuries when the spiritual heritage of the Hebrews was conserved and fostered by the teachings of the great Jewish prophets. At an earlier date, there can hardly be said to have been any

education of the people; and at a subsequent date, the schools of the scribes, held chiefly in the synagogues, did not so much enlarge the spiritual heritage of the race as it did to codify and transcribe it. But from the time of Samuel to the time of Ezra, reading and writing were quite generally known among the people, although the education was not so much in organized schools as in the community life, where, in addition to their studies, the children were trained by their fathers and mothers in the tasks of the field and workshop and in the household arts. Many of the Psalms were written during this period, and music and dancing were practiced.

The great mass of the people were profoundly influenced by the prophets, who thundered against the wrongs and corruptions that so often existed in high places. It follows, therefore, that the majority of the people must have been well enough educated to have comprehended the written as well as the spoken word of these great seers.

The status of women was higher with the Hebrews than with most ancient peoples, and in the period here given the girls of the tribe were given an early education with the boys.

The scene is supposed to take place in a cool spot near the tribal village. The village is off Right; the fields, etc., off Left.

PERSONS IN "EARLY HEBREW EDUCATION"

Jared, an old shepherd.

Isaac, a young shepherd.

Enoch, a red-bearded shepherd.

Nahor, a brown-bearded shepherd.

Joseph, a shepherd boy.

Nathan, a farmer.

Reuben, his son.

The stranger shepherd.

Caleb, an old farmer.

Joel, a young farmer.

Hepher, *Zabad*, *Absolom*, other farmers.

Ephraim, the Elder, of the tribe of Menasseh.

Asaph, a merchant.

Adah, his wife.

Obed, his son.

Zacariah, a merchant.

Zilpah, his wife.

Gideon, *Benjamin*, *Seth*, *Zebcdiah*, boys of the tribe.

Leah, a little girl (identified with *Psyche*).

Rebekah, a little girl.

Young men and maidens, on their way to the field (from 12 to 14 years).

Miriam, *Rachel*, *Sarah*, with three young men, on their way to the wine presses (from 12 to 14 years).

Other women with household tasks to the number of at least two.

Other children, boys and girls, from 3 to 10 years, to the number of at least six.

ACTION

All the movements of the older people should be deliberate. Even the children should be far less restless than our own modern children.

The manner of salutation is as follows: A bow with the hands spread out and waved backward. When the stranger shepherd prostrates himself before

Nathan, he kneels and spreads his hands out before him, touching his forehead to the ground.

In the action that accompanies the chanting of the Psalm of Thanksgiving (psalm 29) the following movements are suggested: The voices are first heard coming from a distance. The young people enter in no special formation, coming to the center of the stage, where they separate, the young men lining up on the left of the stage, the young women on the right, the two lines facing each other. Then, with clapping of hands at rhythmic intervals, and slow wavings of the body from side to side, the two lines advance and meet and pass through. Turning they meet again and pass through. They turn again and pass through, and now, two by two come to the footlights, thence turning to the left and off through the wings, still chanting and clapping their hands, their voices receding in the distance. The chant, in this instance, could well be given antiphonally, the girls taking one line, the boys the next, and so on. But the opening lines, when they are entering from a distance, together with the final lines, should be said by all together.

The action for the young men and maidens on their way to the wine presses is suggested as follows: They run in together, holding hands and laughing merrily. When they chant the psalm, they will form in a circle, boy, girl, boy, girl, etc. First they will walk in a circle to the left, lifting their feet high as though treading the grapes, while their arms are folded, chanting all the time. Then they will turn and walk in a circle in the other direction, clapping their hands as they make the turn and still treading high. When the psalm is ended, they clap their hands once. As they run off, they hold hands.

At the end, Ephraim leads the women and children off, Right. Some of the smaller children hold on to the garments of their mothers, while the other children group themselves irregularly among the women.

COSTUMES

There were only two garments for men and women. They wore a long shirt reaching to the knees. This was made by doubling over a strip of cloth, sewing the sides and cutting out holes for arms and neck. The outer garment was a sort of coat, open in front and gathered about the waist with leather belt. This outer garment was often thrown aside when the wearer was working. It was often the poor man's only blanket at night. Women's garments were probably a little longer than men's but in other respects the same. As for the feet, they mostly went barefoot; but on long journeys over rough ground they wore sandals of wood or roughly shaped shoes of sheepskin. On the head, for a protection against sun and wind they, like the modern Arab, probably wore a large scarf gathered round the neck. (From "Hebrew Life and Times." See Bibliography under "Hebrew.")

It will be possible to modify the costumes somewhat, however, from those described above, as the scene in the pageant is not confined strictly to primitive times. For instance, some of the women may wear striped garments, or garments with geometric figures which appear to be woven into the fabric. This garment should fall straight to the ankles. Other women may wear a long veil over the head, instead of the scarf wound round the head, while the children and young maidens may wear their hair flowing.

Ephraim, the Elder, and perhaps the merchants could wear a long straight garment to the ankles, with a broad girdle about the waist of some striped material and a mantle (like the Roman tunic, see Roman costumes) of a contrasting color worn over the undergarment. Or they may wear over the under-garment a straight piece of cloth with a hole cut for the head, which falls, back,

and front, to just below the knees, and is not stitched on the edges under the arms but left free. Sandals are worn.

The shepherds may wear a straight garment falling to the knees and girdled with a cord at the waist. The sleeves should come to just above the elbow. The legs are bare and sandals are worn.

Ephraim, the merchants, and the farmers would probably wear turbans, bright scarfs about the head. The shepherds would wear a band about the head. The hair was worn long, to the nape of the neck; and the men, all save the youngest farmers and the youths, wore beards.

The boys would wear the straight garment quite short, girdled at the waist, or one shoulder could be left bare as well as the legs. The smallest boys and girls could go barefoot. The boys' hair should curl to the nape of the neck, or they could have bright scarfs wound about the head.

The little girls would wear a garment like their mothers, only their garments would be shorter. They would wear the hair flowing.

Bright warm colors may be worn, with striped and figured scarfs and girdles. The predominating shades might well be deep red and blue, purple and green, varied with the scarfs and girdles described. Wools and linens were the materials in use. Unbleached cotton dyed the correct shades would be the most satisfactory material, if woolen material can not be used.

PROPERTIES

Lamb (for sacrifice, carried by Isaac). May be simulated by arranging an old shawl to look as though it covered a lamb.

Staff (carried by Jared), tall, gnarled stick with crook.

Kinnor (a harp, carried by Joseph), may be made of pasteboard, bronzed, with strings made of thin brown string. This should not be a single piece of pasteboard, of course, but should be given roundness and substance by pasting several pieces together of the proper shape and thickness. (See Encyclopaedia Britannica under "Harp.")

Sickles. The ancient sickles were crudely fashioned from bronze, of similar shape to the modern sickle, or were made from the jawbones of asses, into whose tooth sockets sharp flints were driven. Pasteboard or wall board could be cut, pasted together, and painted to simulate these, or they could be modeled out of wet newspaper over wire and coated with plaster of Paris. (See "Hebrew Life and Times.")

Wooden mallets (for grinding corn). Wooden potato mashers may be used, roughened somewhat to take away the newness.

Hollow stones (for grinding corn). Wet newspaper, molded over wire into the proper shape of roundness, may be used, with a coating of plaster of Paris and painted gray. (See "Hebrew Life and Times.")

Meal. This may be the actual corn, or oats may be used.

Garments (for sewing). Straight strips of cloth may be used with the edges sewn together and a hole cut for the head.

Needles. Large upholstery needles will do. The needles were made of bronze or bone.

Spinning. The women worked all day at the making of clothing for their families. Most of the garments were made of the wool from their own flocks. First the wool was spun into yarn. A spinner took a handful of wool on the end of a stick called a distaff, which she held in her left hand. With her right hand she hooked into the wool a spindle. This was a round pointed piece of wood about 10 inches long, with a hook at the pointed end and with a small piece of stone fastened to the other to give momentum to the spinning. With

deft fingers the spinner kept this spindle whirling and at the same time kept working the wool down into the thread of yarn which she was making. As the thread lengthened, she wound it round the spindle until the wool on the distaff was all gone and she had a great ball of yarn. (From "Hebrew Life and Times." See Bibliography, under "Hebrew.")

Bags of wool. These may be made of cotton cloth painted to look like sheep-skin and stuffed as though full of wool.

Ephraim's staff. A tall, straight staff of wood.

Painted sticks (for writing). Just dry twigs which appear to have fallen from the tree.

Papyrus. Ephraim should bring rolls of papyri with him and give to the older boys. These may be made from cream-colored manila paper wound over a stick. (See Encyclopedia Britannica under "Papyrus.")

See Bibliography for books of reference.

EDUCATION IN GREECE

Third and Fourth Centuries, B. C.

This period in Greek education is chosen because it is the most perfect flowering of that marvelous nation's life. In their religious life, the worship of the gods, particularly Apollo, the Greek ideal was nobly manifest. Tiele says:

Truth and self-control without self-mortification or renunciation of nature, a steady equilibrium between the sensible and the spiritual, moral earnestness combined with an open eye for the happiness and beauty of life, such are the characteristic features of the Delphic Apollo worship in which the Greek religion almost reached the climax of its development. (From "Pre-Christian Education." See Bibliography, under "Chinese.")

The attitude of the Greeks toward their athletes was also significant of their whole ideal. These athletes did not contend for money or riches, but merely for a garland of olive or ivy. The great Olympic games, where the athletic contests were held, were attended by religious services. Hegel has said that the Greek transformed his body into an organ of spirit.

The position of Athenian women, however, was very inferior. They were deemed unfit for any occupation but looking after household affairs, and they were kept practically in oriental seclusion. The chief ambition of an Athenian woman was that she should not be talked about.

When a boy was 7 years old, the female attendant's place was taken by a pedagogue, who was a slave. The pedagogue was supposed to have charge of the moral training of the boy and took him to and from school. Usually, the pedagogue was old or suffered from some disability, as the young and able-bodied slaves were chosen for more active duties.

Instruction was private, although the state had a certain moral supervision over the schools. Fathers were obliged by law to have their sons instructed in gymnastics and music—music having two aspects, one literary and the other musical.

All Athenian free citizens sent their sons to schools, but the length of time the boys remained depended on their social status. The Athenian boy did not have a hard time at school, as much of the time was spent in gymnastics and play.

Instruction began in the early morning and lasted all day, the schools having to be closed by sunset, which was the law.

Dancing formed part of the physical training, but this kind of dancing meant the rythmical movement of the whole body, not the feet alone.

The *palastra* was the gymnasium for the boys who were under the training of the *paeotribe*, gymnastic teacher. The *pentathlon* was a contest in which five exercises were performed in succession by the same person, viz, leaping, running, throwing the discus, throwing the spear, and wrestling. (In the pageant, only those exercises which are feasible to be presented on the limits of a stage have been chosen. Moreover, the fact that each exercise was performed by each boy in succession is not adhered to, as it would lengthen the scene too much to follow this order.) The *grammaticus* instructed in literary subjects as well as in writing and arithmetic. The *citharist* instructed in the matter of musical instruments and singing. Music formed an essential part of the Athenian's education.

Moral training was dwelt on, and the free discussion of problems, especially in the schools of the more advanced and older boys. "Let us follow the argument whithersoever it leads us," said Plato. Homer was the great textbook and inspiration to the youth of the land, who were required to memorize large portions, if not the whole, of the Iliad and Odyssey.

An Athenian ideal is well summed up in the saying of Aristotle: "The aim of life is living happily and beautifully."

The scene is supposed to take place in the open air in a recess near the street or temple, where schools were often held, although school buildings were common.

PERSONS IN "EDUCATION IN GREECE"

School boys: *Cratinus, Cimon, Diagoras, Callias, Demos, Hippomenes, Ariston, Cleon, Alcamenes* (identified with Mentor), *Baubo* (identified with Hector); other boys who come from the palaestra to the number of (at least) six.

Other characters:

- Xanthias*, a pedagogue.
- Ictinus*, the grammaticus (schoolmaster).
- Callicrates*, the paeotribe (gymnastic teacher).
- Lysicles*, the citharist (music teacher).
- Dorcas*, the slave child.
- Other pedagogues, to the number of three or four.
- Slaves (men) to the number of three or four.

ACTION

As much ease and grace of deportment as possible should be striven for both on the part of the teachers and the boys, as the Athenian was world renowned for his grace of bearing.

The manner of salutation was as follows: The right hand raised above the head and lowered slowly. This was returned by the one who was greeted.

COSTUMES

Wool was the fabric most in use in Greece. It was usually loosely woven and often so fine that it was transparent. But for the men and boys, if wool can not be used, unbleached muslin is the most suitable material. As to color, "probably none but slaves and artisans would wear garments of one color without pattern or ornamentation of any kind, and even they would sometimes have the dresses adorned with a simple border such as a broad stripe. . . . The favorite colors were purple, red, and yellow." (From "Greek Dress," by Ethel B. Abrahams. See Bibliography.) Other colors used

were green, gray, and blue. They wove patterns of gold thread in the wool also. Sometimes the ornamentation was a border, and sometimes it was distributed over the whole dress. Geometric designs, the key pattern, spiral or wave patterns, or conventionalized flowers were used as borders for the neck, the hem, and the borders of the mantle or "himation," as it was called.

The universal garment was the "chiton." This was worn next the skin, over which other garments were worn. It was often the only garment, particularly in the case of the lower classes. It varied in length, the men wearing shorter chitons than the women, the higher classes of men wearing longer ones than the lower classes. In all cases it was girdled at the waist.

The chiton was made of a straight piece of cloth doubled, with the top and the bottom cut straight across and the sides sewed together. (See description under Costumes for the allegorical characters.)

The boys in the pageant would wear the chiton to the knees, with bare legs and arms. They would wear sandals.

When the boys enter they wear the "himation," which was similar to the Roman toga. This was an oblong piece of cloth which was fastened on the left shoulder and brought round across the back to the right hip, thence to the left shoulder, where the ends fell over the shoulder. This may have a border as well as the chiton, stenciled in different colors. Some of the boys may vary this by wearing the chlamys, a short cloak worn by Greek youths. (See description under Costumes for allegorical characters.)

Ictinus, the teacher or grammaticus, would probably wear the chiton to his ankles and would keep on his himation, to lend him dignity, although it is not strictly correct for him to do so, historically. Lysicles and Callierates, the other instructors, would wear the chiton to the knees and would throw aside the himation when they entered.

The slaves would wear the chiton to the knees and should wear no himation. They might even go barefoot. They wear small round skull caps. Their chitons may be made of a solid piece of color.

All the other characters wear white or patterned chitons with stenciled borders, although the instructors may wear himations of solid colors. Sandals should be worn by all but the slaves. The hair is short and a band is worn about the head.

A very pleasing variety might be given to the costumes if the boys from the *palaestra* were to be dressed like warriors. These costumes had a straight sleeveless upper garment studded with steel disks or gems. This had a short plaited skirt falling to above the knees, also studded, and the close fitting belt at the waist line is studded as well. They carried a spear and a shield.

For the pyrrhic dance, see under "Dances."

For music, see under "Music."

PROPERTIES

Top (Cimon's). An ordinary white wooden top will do.

Knucklebones. The same as knucklebones of to-day.

Chairs (for boys). A square seat with legs curved outward, the seat also slightly concave. These have no backs.

Platform. A wooden platform, square, with two or three broad low steps on all four sides. This to be painted grey.

Chair (for Grammaticus). Made like those of the boys, save that it has a back which curves outward. The chairs are decorated. (See "Syllabus" for illustrations, in Bibliography under "General.")

Clay letters. These were made of red clay, baked. To simulate them, they may be made of wood, painted red, about 4 inches square, inscribed with Greek letters of the alphabet.

Baskets (for the letters). Willow baskets or flat trays, of rushes or light-colored wood.

Stylus, a metal pencil, rather slim, pointed at one end and flat at the other for erasing mistakes. This may be simulated by a slim piece of wood painted a metallic gray.

Stencil. This was a flat tablet with a frame, the center being covered with wax, on which the boys wrote with the stylus. This may be made of pasteboard with a rim like a slate, size about 9 by 5 inches. (See "Syllabus" for illustration.)

Ruling stick. Any ordinary piece of flat wood a foot or so long, with a straight edge.

Switch (which the Grammaticus carried). A bundle of switches tied to a wooden handle about 20 inches long, handle and all. (See "Syllabus" for illustrations.)

Rolls of manuscript. The manuscripts were made of papyrus. This may be simulated by winding cream-colored manila paper over a wooden stick.

Discus. A flat, round piece of dull metal. (See statue of "Discus Thrower.")

Abacus. Made similar to the Chinese "Calculating machine." For detailed description see "Education of Children in Rome" (or Encyclopædia Britannica).

Flute. Played by Lysicles. A double flute. (See under "Lyre" or "Flute" in Encyclopædia Britannica.)

EDUCATION IN ROME

303 B. C. to 148 B. C. (death of the elder Cato)

The second period of the Roman Republic has been chosen for the pageant, because it was at this time that the mother and father continued, even as in the early days of the nation, to have great influence on the education of the young.

At a very early date there were schools in Rome for the sons of the free-born, but the preference for education in the home persisted until the death of the elder Cato, when Roman life began to deteriorate. Cato and men like him educated their own sons, largely in riding, swimming, boxing, and warfare.

At the period depicted here, Greeks, often slaves, but highly educated, were kept as members of the household to be tutors for both the sons and daughters. Livius Andronicus (died 203 B. C.) was a Greek slave who made the first Latin translation of the *Odyssey*. It was not, indeed, until the Romans became interested in Greek literature that a literature of their own began to appear.

The Roman matron had great influence on the lives of her children. Often, she educated them in the higher branches of learning, but it was the general custom for her to instruct them in the elements of reading and writing, besides training her daughters in all the household arts save the menial tasks, which were left to slaves. The Roman wife and mother, unlike the Greek woman, was held in high esteem, and was allowed to move freely not only in her own house, but she could also walk abroad unaccompanied so long as her husband knew of her going.

Owing to the vast commercial interests of Rome, arithmetic was a very necessary part of every boy's education, and since the profession of a jurist, in which oratory played so prominent a part, was the only profession open to sons of the aristocracy, great pains were taken to have them hear the best orators of the day in the Forum. The Roman law of the Twelve Tables, referred to in the pageant, was crystallized into concrete form from traditional laws in 450 B. C. They were carved in bronze and set up in a public place.

The chief interest, however, on the part of the Roman citizen was warfare. All boys were trained in the arts of war, and the gymnastic training was given with a view to hardihood and endurance rather than grace and all-round physical development, as with the Greeks. The Romans were preeminently practical in their education and did not strive for culture so much as readiness in action and devotion to the state. To sum up the distinction between Greek and Roman education a quotation from S. S. Laurie ("Pre-Christian Education." See Bibliography under "Chinese") will suffice: "If the Greek ideal was a beautiful mind in a beautiful body, the Roman ideal was a sound mind in a sound body."

The action is supposed to take place in the Peristylum or inner court of the house of Marcus Publius, a Roman patrician. The Atrium or living room of the house, together with other domestic apartments, is off Right, while the entrance to the house from the street is off Left.

PERSONS IN "EDUCATION IN ROME"

Marcus Publius, a Roman patrician.
Claudia, his wife.
Lucius, their son (identified with *Mentor*).
Junius, another son (identified with *Hector*).
Lesbia, their daughter (Identified with *Psyche*).
Cassius, another son, a boy of 8 years.
Marcus, another son, a boy of 7 years.
Cleon, a Greek, the children's tutor.
Droctis, a slave girl.
Critylla, a slave woman.

ACTION

The Roman matron, Claudia, should be of imposing presence. The father, Marcus Publius, energetic, commanding. Cleon, the tutor, gentle, aristocratic. Of the two elder boys, Lucius is the more intellectual, while Junius should suggest the athletic type. The bearing of the slaves toward their masters and the children is very docile.

The manner of salutation is like the Greek, in that the right hand is raised, but Marcus Publius takes his wife's hands, on entering, as the pageant directs.

COSTUMES

The Romans wore wool for the most part, although linen was used and cotton also (about 200 B. C.), but silk did not come in until the end of the Republic.

The tunic was the universal garment worn by both men and women and was similar to the Greek chiton. The women wore theirs longer than the men.

The Roman matron wore over the tunic, when in the house, a garment called the "stola." It was cut like the tunic but fell to the ankles. It was fastened on the shoulders with clasps, often very valuable. Usually it had a border and

was confined at the waist with a girdle. The "palla" was an outer garment. It much resembled the "toga" (see below) and could be drawn up over the head.

The patrician man wore a tunic with a broad purple stripe down the front, the distinctive mark of the patrician. This hung outside the girdle. Over the tunic, the toga was worn. The toga was similar to the Greek himation, but was even more voluminous. Marcus Publius would, of course, wear the purple stripe, while the borders of the children's tunics could have the purple also.

Cleon would wear the tunic, quite long because of his dignity as a scholar, but would be without the toga, as he, presumably, dwells within the house. The toga was taken off upon entering the house, as it was not considered good form to keep it on within doors.

The boys would be dressed similar to the Greek boys, with the exception of wearing the purple border.

The slave women wore the tunic, but over it a second garment. This was a long straight piece of cloth turned over at the top, the fold reaching to the waist. This was folded round the body under the arms, then drawn up and fastened upon either shoulder with clasps or simple buckles. It was double on the upper portion of the body, but fell in a single thickness from the waist to the feet.

The men wore their hair short, with a band about the head, and the boys wore the hair in similar fashion. The Roman matron wore the hair drawn back and coiled on the back of the head. The slave girl, Drocis, could wear her hair flowing, but confined by a band, while Critylla, the slave woman, has hers done up. Lesbia wears her hair flowing, but confined by a band about the head. Sandals are worn by all the characters. The most usual colors were scarlet, deep blue, pale blue, rose, purple, and sea green.

PROPERTIES

Broom (carried by Lesbia). The broom part should be made of twigs tied together and fastened to a tall stick.

Spinning. See directions for spinning under "Early Hebrew Education."

Stylus and stencil. Like the ones used in "Education in Greece."

Papyrus. Like the manuscripts used in "Education in Greece."

Abacus. Like the one used in "Education in Greece."

Chair. The chairs were made of bronze, often richly decorated. They ranged from the four-legged stool to a deep, commodious chair. They much resembled the Greek chair.

See Bibliography for books of reference.

EARLY CHRISTIAN EDUCATION

From the Fourth to Ninth Century, A. D.

Practically all instruction during the Middle Ages was confined to the monasteries and convents of that time. Macaulay says:

It was surely good that, in an age of ignorance and violence, there should be quiet cloisters and gardens in which the arts of peace could be safely cultivated; * * * in which one brother could employ himself in transcribing the "Aeneid" of Virgil, and another meditating the "Analytics" of Aristotle; in which he who had a genius for art might illuminate a martyrology, or carve a crucifix; and in which he who had a turn for natural philosophy might make experiments on the properties of plants and minerals. Had not such

retreats been scattered here and there among the huts of a miserable peasantry and the castles of a ferocious aristocracy, European society would have consisted merely of beasts of burden and beasts of prey.

The earlier half of the Middle Ages has been chosen for the pageant because with the founding of monasticism and its early history, "book learning" went arm in arm with training in the practical arts, such as farming, metal working, sheep raising, etc. Later, the monastery schools gave greater emphasis to scholarly attainments, giving rise, ultimately, to the founding of universities which began to flourish widely at the time of the Renaissance.

The educational system of the monasteries commenced by taking in boys called "Oblati," who were to be educated as monks. Later, "Externs," boys not intended for the religious life, were admitted, the number of these boys growing greater than the number of "Oblati" as time went on. The tuition was free to all, and the "Oblati" were also maintained free of charge. Sons of the rich and poor, high and low, were educated side by side, in the beginning.

Besides their knowledge of Latin, the monks had very little to impart to their scholars, save a little reading and writing and occasionally the rudiments of arithmetic. But they were skilled in the crude medicine and surgery of the day and were also charitable, doling out rations of food and clothing to the poor and needy who clustered about their gates.

It is said that the early monks were the precursors of all Christian art. The books which they copied and illuminated are still the admiration of all who behold them. Sometimes the entire life of a monk was spent in the copying and illuminating of one book, in addition to his other duties. Thomas à Kempis, for instance, is said to have commenced a copy of the Bible in four volumes in 1417 and to have finished it in 1459.

Discipline was severe in the monasteries, as it was through all the ages. Convents were established simultaneously with the founding of Christian monasteries. Pachomius, the monk who founded the first monastery in 325 A. D., having founded at the same time a convent for his sister (Sister Scholastica). The nuns taught the girls the same subjects the boys were taught, but greater emphasis was given the training of the girl scholars in the domestic arts. It was not so common, of course, for girls to be educated as it was for boys, especially as time went on and the system of education became more complicated.

Through this Christian training, what little of goodness and gentleness and culture that existed was preserved in a period of great intellectual and spiritual darkness.

The action is supposed to take place in the courtyard of the monastery. The gateway, or entrance, is off Right; the other apartments, such as the dining hall and chapel, are off Left.

PERSONS IN "EARLY CHRISTIAN EDUCATION"

The Abbot, in charge of the monastery.

Brother Lupus, who instructs in agriculture.

Brother Anselm, who instructs in forestry.

The Porter, who admits visitors.

Brother Almoner, who ministers to the poor.

A Poor Man, a peasant.

Brother Gregory, a physician.

Brother Scholasticus, the schoolmaster.

Brother Rodolphus, who illuminates and copies books.

Brother Chantor, who instructs in singing.

Brother Bruno, who instructs in Latin.

Brother Odo, who instructs in arithmetic.

Three other Brothers, who go to shop, bakehouse, and stable.

The Old Woman, who appears as a poor woman asking for alms.

Adrian, Mark, boys of the "Externi," who go to the forest.

Enos, a boy of the "Oblati," who goes to assist the physician.

Peter, a boy of the "Oblati," who copies books (identified with *Mentor*).

Julian, Philemon, other boys of the "Oblati," who copy books.

Paulus, Theocritus, small boys of the "Externi."

Sister Tekla, a nun of the neighboring convent.

Sister Lioba, Sister Cecilia, other nuns.

Lucia, a little girls of the convent school.

Other little girls of the convent school.

Other boys of the "Oblati" to the number of (at least) six.

Other boys of the "Externi" to the number of (at least) nine.

ACTION

Great deliberation and decorum should be observed on the part of all the monks and nuns, and, as far as possible, on the part of the older boys. The younger boys are subdued, but somewhat restless when left to themselves.

COSTUMES

It is impossible to define the exact costume during the early Merovingian periods. The first writers about that time were not contemporaries and have spoken of costume only vaguely. The monuments which are supposed to represent that time are also the work of later artists, who, like all people of Middle Ages, imagined no other style of clothes could have existed save those which they knew. (From "Manners, Customs, and Dress of the Middle Ages." See Bibliography.)

From what can be ascertained, the Roman tunic became longer with the passage of years, the serfs and lower classes wearing the shorter tunic.

The boys of the Oblati, or inner school, would very likely wear a long garment, falling straight from the neck to the ankles, with long full sleeves. A round cap covers the head. A few of the boys should wear round capes falling to about the knee. It is this cape which Peter gives to Youth. Youth retains the cape until he is reunited with his kindred, when he throws it aside.

The Externi, or boys of the outer school, could wear the dress associated with the common people. This would help to distinguish the two schools. This is the tunic, which should vary in length, some of the tunics coming to the knees, others to below the knee. The neck of the tunic, however, should be slit, like the neck of the Hebrew costume and not cut straight across like the Greek and Roman tunics. The boys should wear trousers of a contrasting shade, which are bound with leathern bands from the ankle to the knee. They wear soft leather shoes, as do the boys of the Oblati. The caps worn by the Externi are peaked like a toboggan cap.

The monks wear the black habit of the Benedictine order. This is a long full garment belted in at the waist with a cord, while a hood falls at the back. The sleeves are long and full. The heads of the monks are tonsured (wigs will have to be procured), but all are smooth shaven save the abbot, who wears a beard.

The nuns wear long black habits and veils, with the white linen bound snugly about the face.

The little girl pupils may wear the Roman tunic quite long, over which there may be a straight piece of cloth with a slit for the head, the cloth falling full

to below the knees, front and back, and not stitched under the arms. The hair would probably be flowing, but a little round cap might be worn.

The colors for this scene should be worn, of course, by the children and the Poor Man, who would be dressed similar to the boys of the Externi. Each costume may have contrasting colors, which should be rather sober, as a general thing, although a bright pair of trousers or a cap may give a bright bit of color here and there. The colors should be red, brown, russet, green, purple, and blue.

For Gregorian Chant see under "Music."

PROPERTIES

Farming tools. Modern spades and hoes will do, using a rounded spade and a two-pronged garden hoe. Modern scythes would do, but they should all have a look of age, as though they were well used, while the handles should be somewhat shorter than the modern ones. (See Bibliography. "Manners, Customs, and Dress of the Middle Ages.")

The ax. A modern ax will do, if this also looks as though it has seen good use. (See "Manners, Customs, and Dress of the Middle Ages.")

The bandage. (for the Poor Man). A piece of white cotton cloth with a red stain to denote a wound.

Waxen tablets and styli. Like the Greek and Roman ones.

Textbooks. They may be made of yellow manila paper bound in thick pasteboard or wood to simulate thick brown leather covers. They should vary in size, but all should be good sized and thick. The pages should appear to be written on in a fine, close handwriting.

Easels. Like the modern easels with a look of age.

Books for illuminating and copying. Made like the textbooks, only many of the pages should appear to have been illuminated with bright colors, while some of the pages, of course, are blank, to be filled in by the boys.

Quills (for copying). Quill pens (not dyed) obtainable at any stationers would do. The metal piece on the end should be removed and the quill cut in a point, which was the way the quill was used in the old days. A brush and a palette should be given to Philemon, who is illuminating a Bible. These may be modern, but should have a look of age.

Inkhorns. Round with a flaring top, made of clay. These could be modeled. See "Syllabus" for illustration.

Switch. Which Brother Scholasticus wears thrust into the cord of his habit; it is made similar to the one used in the Greek school.

Garments (brought by the nuns). These should be the habits of the monks.

Altar Cloth. A strip of royal purple silk (or sateen), stenciled to suggest embroidery.

Basket (brought by Lucia). Any basket of simple design with a white napkin over it.

See Bibliography for books of reference.

EDUCATION OF THE RENAISSANCE

The Fifteenth Century

The two most representative aspects of the Renaissance in regard to education were, first, the rise of the universities at about that time, and, second, the extraordinary culture and erudition of the upper classes. Never in the world's history was there so genuine a love of learning and so deep a passion

for beauty and the treasures of art as in this wonderful era, so rich in gifted men and women.

Since, however, the university deals with the older generation of students, a school has been taken in which the younger children of the nobility and upper classes were educated, as typical of the best in the education of the Renaissance. The fifteenth century has been selected because it seems to represent the flowering of that great epoch at its best.

As one writer says ("Courts and Camps of the Renaissance." See Bibliography, under "Renaissance") :

The Renaissance in Italy was a palmy time for children of high birth. * * * That which strikes us most in the education of the children * * * is not only their marvelous proficiency in classical and literary studies, but their enduring love for them.

Vittorino da Feltre (born 1378, died 1446), upon whose famous school, called "Casa Giocosa" (Joyous or Pleasant House), which was founded in 1425, all other such schools of the time were modeled, aimed to "give a thorough training of mind and body and to encourage a simple life." The course of study included the classics, philosophy, logic, grammar, mathematics, music, dancing, singing, interspersed with outdoor games and sports. It was Vittorino's custom, during the long summer days, to take his pupils to some lovely spot in the country near by and there tell them stories of mythology and ancient heroes, as the children rested after their games. It is such a summer day's lesson that is interpreted in the pageant. Messer Gallino is modeled on the character of Vittorino, but is not identical with that great teacher who first dignified the profession with the right to the name of "scholar and gentleman."

The type of education here depicted, however, was confined to the children of the nobility and their protégés, the great mass of children being left either in total ignorance, or the sons of the people, exclusive of the daughters, being put through a more or less stereotyped course in the classics to prepare them for the university.

The scene is supposed to take place in a glade near the school ("Casa Giocosa") of Messer Gallino.

PERSONS IN "EDUCATION OF THE RENAISSANCE"

Messer Ferranti Gallino, the schoolmaster.

Iodovico, a youth of 14 years (identified with *Mentor*).

Elizabetta, a little girl of 10 years (identified with *Psyche*).

Beatrice, a girl of 14 years.

Bernardino, a boy of 12 years.

Leonora, a girl of 11 or 12 years.

Francesco, a boy of 10 years.

Emilia, a little girl of 8 years.

Isabella, a girl of 12 years.

Battista, a boy of 12 years.

Dorotea, a girl of 10 years.

Giovanni, a boy of 10 years.

Barbara, a girl of 9 years.

Jacopo, a boy of 12 years (identified with *Hector*).

Laura, a girl of 11 years.

Gian, a boy of 10 years.

Lorenzo; a boy of 8 years.

ACTION

As much ease and grace of manner as possible should be aimed at in the bearing of the children as well as of Messer Gallino. This was an age of great erudition and culture, and the manners of the time reflected this in courtesy and repose.

The Dance. This should be an ancient Pavane. (See under "Dances.")

COSTUMES

The characteristics of the costume of this time were great richness and variety of fabric and design. Velvets, satins, brocades, gold trimming, fur, jewels, laces, etc., were worn in great abundance. Many different designs could be chosen for any of the characters in this scene, but the following suggestions, if followed, would serve to give variety to the group.

Messer Gallino might wear a long-sleeved under-garment reaching from the neck to the floor. This gets fuller as it nears the ground. Over this a broad straight piece of cloth falling to the feet, back and front, of a contrasting shade. The neck is trimmed with fur, as are the sleeves also. He wears his hair curling to the nape of the neck. He may wear a turban effect with a streamer falling over the right ear, crossing under the chin, and hanging down the back over the left shoulder. He should wear soft leather shoes, preferably red.

Some of the boys may be dressed as follows: A tight-fitting, long-sleeved waist with a flaring skirt, very full and short, and a tight jeweled belt at the waist. Tights of a contrasting shade are worn with this and pointed shoes of colored leather. A round cap is worn on the hair, which falls curling to the shoulders or the nape of the neck.

Still other boys could wear the tight-fitting waist with puffed sleeves to elbow, slashed with alternating colors, while the sleeve from the elbow to wrist is tight fitting. A garment is worn over this, gathered at the neck with a trimming of fur, and hanging very full to the knees. The armholes are very deep and are fur-trimmed. Tights of a contrasting shade are worn with this costume and a small round hat edged with fur over long curling hair. The shoes are pointed.

Another effective costume has an upper garment which is tight fitting, with long sleeves of striped black and yellow or green and white, with tights of green and white, while a jaunty cape of contrasting color falls at the back from the shoulders to the waist.

The girls may wear tight-fitting "basques," cut square-necked, which in some cases may be edged with fur, in others, with lace, etc. The basque is finished in a long point in front. A vest of contrasting color may be worn by some of the girls. The sleeves are long and puffed. The skirt is long, with a train, and very voluminous. They may wear the hair dressed close to the head, with round fluted caps or with jewels about the head, or with transparent veils hanging from a jeweled bandeau. Some of the girls may wear jeweled girdles.

All colors were used. This scene should be brilliant and rich in coloring. For music to the song, see under "Music."

PROPERTIES

Beatrice's embroidery. She may be embroidering a piece of fine linen with bright-colored silks over hoops.

Lodovico's book. A medium-sized book, illuminated and bound in fine leather chased in gold. Cream-colored manilla paper pages may be used to suggest the

parchment, while the covers may be made of wood or thick pasteboard, covered with brown paper which has been traced in design in gold.

Battista's lute. This may be a mandolin, tied with gay ribbons. (See Encyclopædia Britannica for illustration.)

Messer Gallino's turquoise. A "cameo," bought at the 5 and 10 cent store, would do. It should be quite large and blue in color, so that the audience may be able to see it.

See Bibliography for books of reference.

PUBLIC SCHOOL EDUCATION IN ENGLAND

Sixteenth, Seventeenth, and Eighteenth Centuries

The scene as given in the pageant does not depict any one school or any one century, but aims to be true to the prevailing characteristics of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries. The practice of "fagging" existed from early days and still persists to some extent.

The two types of schools which prevailed during this epoch in England were the public schools and the free grammar schools. The former schools, such as Eton, Rugby, etc., have developed into great private schools where the sons of the nobility and gentry are educated, but in the beginning they were patronized by all classes, including even the sons of "worthy but indigent" citizens.

The free grammar schools, of which there purported to be more than 300 in 1546 (for a population of 2,500,000), were and still are patronized by the sons of the middle class, younger sons of the gentry, farmers, lesser landholders, and prosperous tradespeople.

The discipline in all schools was "unintelligently brutal." On one occasion at Winchester, with 198 boys in the school there were 279 cases reported for punishment at the end of a single day.

There is not time in the short space of an eight or ten minute scene to give but the swiftest kind of general impression of the curriculum of the schools of that age. But the scene here given is, so far as can be ascertained, faithful to the kind of instruction that persisted well into the nineteenth century, although of course more studies were included as time went on. Nevertheless Latin continued to be the most important part of the instruction given throughout the centuries which this scene aims to cover.

The action is supposed to take place in the schoolroom of the school building.

PERSONS IN "PUBLIC SCHOOL EDUCATION IN ENGLAND".

The Provost.

Headmaster Wrangle.

John Ordway, a boy of 13 or 14 years.

William Hayward, a boy of 7 years.

Richard Cartwright, a boy of 6 or 7 years.

Edward Waynflete, a boy of 11 years.

Thomas Dibben, a boy of 12 years.

John Burgess, a boy of 10 years.

Ralph Fowler, a boy of 7 years.

Samuel Ward, a boy of 12 years.

Henry Waite, *Sidney White*, *Joseph Reade*, *George Calloway*, *Lewis Cotton*, boys from 6 to 18 years.

Other boys to the number of five or six, these to be the "good boys" who do not receive punishment.

Two *mean* boys of 14 years.

ACTION

The boys are rough and tumble in their actions. Everything in their training has tended to brutalize them, making the older boys "lord it" over the younger ones, and all the boys cower before their masters. The masters' manners are harsh and portentous.

The salutation is a bob of the head, on the part of the boys, as they take off their hats or pull their forelocks and scrape their left leg behind them. The masters make no acknowledgment of this.

COSTUMES

The most characteristic dress of this period is that which resembled what is commonly known as the colonial costume. This is a tight-fitting coat, usually buttoned up to the neck and flaring from the waist, with long sleeves having broad cuffs. Knee breeches are worn, together with hose and black, buckled shoes. A flat broad-brimmed hat is worn. The coats differ a little in length, some of them coming to the knees, others to just above the knees. Waistcoats may be worn also, and would be especially appropriate for the masters, who would best be dressed in black. The colors worn by the boys are brown, plum color, blue, and buff for the most part, though an occasional bit of more brilliant color in a waistcoat serves to give a bright note here and there.

The boys should wear their hair in a queue, but it should be the natural color, while the masters should wear white wigs.

PROPERTIES

Samuel Ward's jerkin. A coat similar to the one he wears.

Satchels. Soft leather with a flap, suspended from the neck over the shoulder by a strap. Heavy cotton cloth, dyed, or brown denim, would do.

Vocabula. (Stowbridge, 1510, used until the nineteenth century.) An old brown leather-covered law book would suggest this book. All the books, indeed, may be different-sized law books. The "Acidence" used for the "Wall Book" should be very large.

Tops and marbles. Like those of to-day, only not so brightly colored.

Benches. Plain wooden benches without any backs, stained dark brown, and with a look of having had hard use.

Desks. A plain board nailed to uprights, the board cut the same length as the benches. It should be nailed to the uprights in a slanting position so that the boys may write on it. The desks are also stained dark brown and look as though they had had hard usage. The desk for the headmaster may be any old-fashioned, slanting-topped desk. (See "History of Modern Elementary Education" under "Public School in England.")

Desk for "Wall Book." This is made similar to a violin music stand, only it is larger and taller. It is stained dark brown.

Switches. Similar to those used in former scenes of the pageant.

Inkhorns (carried in satchels). Similar to those used in "Early Christian Education," though glass would be a more suitable substance. (See "Syllabus under "General" for illustration".)

Quills (carried in satchels). The same as those used in the monastery.

Copy books (carried in satchels). Cover is made of dark-brown manila paper with yellow manila pages.

Hornbook. Made of wood, shaped like a paddle about 8 by 5 inches. In the frame was fastened a sheet of paper covered with transparent horn. On

the paper were usually printed the alphabet, syllables, and the Lord's Prayer. After the hornbook, the pupil took up the primer. They may bring the hornbooks in their satchels—the boys of the second form only.

THE LITTLE RED SCHOOLHOUSE

1800 to 1830

This scene aims to be typical of schools in New England from 1800 to 1830. Massachusetts was the first State (1642) to pass a law ordering selectmen to take account of all parents and masters as to the children's education and employment. The education could be provided by individual parents in the home, or collectively in any manner they chose. Connecticut soon followed Massachusetts in laws for schools, but in the other Colonies each parish or settlement was a law unto itself in educational matters. These early schools were supported partly by subscriptions, partly by rental of lands set aside for the purpose, partly by tuition fees, and partly by taxes.

The years from the Revolution to about 1840 were preeminently the days of the "district" or "Little Red Schoolhouse." This latter name was given them owing to the prevalence of using red brick in building them. School affairs now were turned over to a "prudential committeeman," elected by the people of his district. He had no pay; so was usually selected because he was willing to serve. The town raised the money, but felt no responsibility for its expenditure. The schools were supervised by a committee of ministers and selectmen.

Women as teachers, especially in what was known as the "Dame" school, had been employed for a long time, but they did not receive recognition as teachers until the nineteenth century. Even then girls were not given the same advantage as the boys, it being considered that the higher branches of learning were inappropriate to girls, if not actually injurious. It is told of a fond father whose daughter was studying mathematics by herself that he said to his wife, "Peg, we must put a stop to this, or we shall have Mary in a strait-jacket one of these days." ("Old Time Schools and School Books.")

In the country, only the rudiments of education were given. If a boy wished to pursue his studies further, he studied with the minister or with some rare college graduate who, perhaps, lived in his community. But the "Little Red Schoolhouse" had some of the elements of a big family, in that there was a spirit of helpfulness and neighborliness between teacher and pupil. The feminine influence is no doubt responsible for the fact that milder discipline became more and more the rule.

The New England Primer (earliest mention of it, 1691) was the mainstay of elementary education well into the nineteenth century. The fact that the foundation of the Primer was the Westminster Assembly's Shorter Catechism accounts for its severely moral tone.

There were no clocks in school in those days; so the teacher had to resort to a rude kind of sundial. The notch referred to in the scene was usually cut in one of the windowsills, but since no window is available in the scene of the pageant, a bench was chosen. The desks and benches were of the most primitive description. Slates did not come into general use until 1820. The "plummet" was the precursor of the lead pencil, which was not used until a later date.

Whatever its limitations, this type of school produced a sturdy, independent race of men and women, so many of whom left their homesteads and "pioneered" across the country to settle the vast domain of the "Middle West."

The action is supposed to take place in the schoolroom of the "Little Red Schoolhouse."

PERSONS IN "THE LITTLE RED SCHOOLHOUSE"

The Teacher or Schoolma'am.

Robert, a boy of 14 years (identified with Mentor). *Ebenezer*, a boy of 12 years (identified with Hector). *Eunice*, a girl of 9 or 10 years (identified with Psyche). *Sally, Rose, Deborah, Mary, Nelly, Jenny, Abigail*, little girls from 7 to 9 years. *Rhoda* and *Sarah*, *Hester, Polly*, girls somewhat older. *Johnas, William*, boys of 7 and 8 years. *Edward, John, Thomas, Frank, Charles, Samuel*, boys somewhat older.

ACTION

The children are rosy, happy country children, awkward in manners for the most part, though Eunice has a gentle grace about her and Robert a simple dignity. Ebenezer, Thomas, and Samuel are distinctly rustic. The Teacher is kindly but a little prim. She feels the dignity of her position. The children are very respectful in their manner toward her.

COSTUMES

This was the short-waisted period for boys and girls and grown-ups. Being a country school, calicoes for the girls and heavy cottons or woolens for the boys would be appropriate.

The Schoolma'am would wear a calico dress, cut round in the neck and high-waisted, with a long skirt, fitting tight at the hips and flaring at the hem. The sleeves are tight and long. She wears a poke bonnet (or sunbonnet) with broad streamers and her stockings are white. She would probably wear low black shoes or slippers. Her hair would very likely be parted in the middle, with little curls on either side of her face.

The little girls wear a garment similar to the Schoolma'am's. It is a "Kate Greenaway" calico dress with a high waist and reaching to the ankles. It has short puffed sleeves, and buttons up in the back. Pantalettes were worn at that time. The girls would wear sunbonnets set well back on the head. The hair was worn variously. Sometimes it was flowing, with a band tied about the head, or it was parted in the middle and braided, or it was worn in short curls.

Prints and plain bright colors may be worn by the girls.

The boys wore a tight waist with long sleeves, often with a frill or a rolling open collar at the neck. To the waist are buttoned long trousers. Sometimes the trousers were gathered at the ankle in a frill, but this would not be very appropriate for country children. The hair was short but not cropped. The hats were round, with fairly broad brims or they had visors. The boys would wear plain sober colors and they would wear ordinary shoes and stockings, though some of the boys might go barefoot.

Care should be taken not to have the children look too "dressed up," for they should give the illusion of having on their everyday clothes.

PROPERTIES

Marbles and tops. Like those of to-day, only not so brightly colored.

Quilting (brought by Deborah). Squares of bright-colored calico sewed together "over and over." The child should carry the squares in a little bag.

Globe. Any small geographical sphere, not too new.

See Bibliography for books of reference.

THE SCHOOL OF TO-DAY

The action for the School of To-day aims to be a model rather than a scene which must be followed as it is written, as in the case of the schools which are historic. The purpose, in interpreting the School of To-day, is to present as colorfully as possible the best elements in modern school training, choosing such activities as will be true to the most advanced American schools, in which the creative spirit is so largely giving place to the analytic and imitative.

On the other hand, it is necessary to present the scene as though it were an actual school day, as has been done with the schools of the past. Hence, it was decided to take the school at a time when it was preparing for a pageant, since, through this means, many activities, particularly of a creative nature, could be interpreted. The idea of the school pageant also helps to bring out the synthetic working of the modern school. In addition, it helps to pass easily and without obvious effort from the plane of the actual to that of the symbolic at the end, by making it possible to cast the three "Kindred of Youth" as the symbolic characters of the school pageant.

Whatever changes are made in this scene to fit the resources of any given school, care should be taken not to sacrifice the more colorful and picturesque activities to a more detailed exposition of such studies as history, reading, arithmetic. The dances suggested in the scene may be substituted by dances already prepared, such as folk dances. It is urged, however, that the dance given by the boys, interpreting the outdoor and athletic activities, be retained, as this relates our modern school to the Greek spirit; thus suggesting the beginnings, perhaps, of another "Renaissance," in which the love of beauty shall become a part of the nature and very being of every American child and young person.

The action is supposed to take place in the auditorium of a modern American school.

PERSONS IN "THE SCHOOL OF TO-DAY"

- The principal.
 - The singing teacher.
 - Miss Hartwell, the auditorium teacher.
 - Miss Emory, the kindergarten teacher.
 - Roger (identified with Mentor).
 - Henry (identified with Hector).
 - Elizabeth (identified with Psyche).
 - Gretchen, secretary of the class in civics and citizenship.
 - Tony, who gives a talk on "Water Ways of the Community."
 - Orfanus, who explains the relief map.
 - Gladys, a member of the poster class.
 - Patrick and Charles, boys who disagree.
 - Ivan, who suggests how they may come to an understanding.
 - Isabel, a little girl who is under weight.
 - Ethel, of the domestic economy class.
 - Dorothy, also of the domestic economy class.
 - George, of the class in carpentry.
 - Marion, a muse.
- Other boys and girls, from 6 or 7 to 14 years of age, who dance or sing or attend classes, or carry things to the exhibition hall, to the number of at least 40.

ACTION

The general bearing should approximate the natural good spirits and interest in school activities of those school children who are fortunate enough to attend a truly "modern" school. The children should be orderly and prompt and quiet in their movements.

COSTUMES

As the text suggests, the clothing worn by the children is just their everyday school clothing, but judicious choice may be made in the color of the girls' dresses as well as the boys' shirts and ties so that the general effect is bright and harmonious in color.

The bibliography gives suggestions for books that will be helpful in devising the costumes for the "Flower Garden Dance." Paper may be used for these costumes with a good deal of effectiveness.

For the boys' Athletic Dance they may wear their own bright-colored sweaters, with running trousers and sandals or sneakers.

For the Muses' costumes, Greek chitons of pastel shades are appropriate.

The costume of Pallas-Athena is a white Grecian chiton falling in folds to her feet and bordered with gold. She also wears the himation or toga, very voluminous, bordered with gold. On her head is a golden helmet, on her breast a breastplate with the Medusa's head. This may be made of buckram, gilded, while the Medusa's head may be made of buckram also, but pasted or sewed on in such a way that the effect is that of high relief. Athena carries a tall staff surmounted by an owl, gilded.

THE DANCES

For the Flower Garden Dance, consult the bibliography under "The Dance." An adaptation of steps already known may be made in the case of this dance.

The Athletic Dance will very likely have to be devised especially for this scene, unless, by good chance, some school may have worked out a dance in which, as the text suggests, the movements used in outdoor and other athletic games are conventionalized and performed rhythmically to the music.

The dance which is performed by the muses with "The Spirit of Love and Beauty" is an integral part of the pageant and therefore should be retained. For suggestions in regard to devising this dance, see under "Dances."

For music, see under "Music." The piano may play any good march tunes when playing for the classes to file in and out, or it may play a reminiscent strain of the dance music which has accompanied a group, when the group leaves the stage.

PROPERTIES

The properties are all so modern that it is not necessary to suggest how they should be made. A list of the properties, however, is stated in order to assist the "Property man" in making out his "Property plot."

Baton, for the singing teacher.

Notebook, for Gretchen, as secretary.

Blackboard and chalk.

Relief map and table.

Posters.

Book, about which Charles and Patrick disagree.

Racks, with milk bottles and straws (one rack would suffice).

A modern school bell, outside (for change of class).

Garments, for Miss Emory and her assistants.
Baskets, mats, etc., from the carpentry class.
Preserves, loaves of bread, etc., from the cooking class.
Sketches in color, lettering, etc., from the art class.
Models in clay, from the modeling class.
Radio outfits, from the shop.
A "Property rock" from the shop.
Scenery, from the shop.

Nine Muses carry—

Calliope, epic poetry, wax tablet and stylus.
Euterpe, lyric poetry, double flute.
Erato, erotic poetry, small lyre.
Melpomene, tragedy, tragic mask and ivy wreath.
Polyhymnia, sacred hymns, veiled and in a thoughtful attitude.
Terpsichore, choral song and dance, with lyre.
Thalia, comedy, comic mask and ivy wreath.
Clio, history, a scroll.
Urania, astronomy, celestial globe.
Books, notebooks, etc., carried by boys and girls.

See Bibliography for books of reference.

ORGANIZATION

There are many reasons why a carefully organized pageant is as valuable to a school as to a community. A well-organized pageant teaches children a practical lesson in "social engineering." It gives them the idea that to do anything together well means planning together in an orderly, systematized way; that only by so doing can a harmonious result be obtained. This lesson may be applied later on in their lives as citizens when they will have to take up their social, industrial, and political duties. The "group thinking" learned in the well-ordered running of a pageant will help to guide them to practical and harmonious "group thinking" in the larger affairs of life.

In the organization as well as the production side of the pageant children and adults will have to work together. But this, it will be granted, is a distinct advantage, since the interests of both, contrary to many situations in life, lie so naturally and spontaneously along the same lines.

Responsibility should be expected as much from the child as the adult, though the duties imposed may differ. Just how these responsibilities will be apportioned will vary in each school, but certain general suggestions may be made.

There is, first of all, the pageant director, presumably the most experienced dramatic teacher in the school or the community. She it is who is the final arbiter in all questions relating to the pageant. Then there is the stage manager. This might be the assistant dramatic teacher or one of the English teachers. She has charge of all the cues "off stage," musical and otherwise, and gives the signal for the entrances of the actors. She must know the "book" of the pageant thoroughly and be present at all of the most important rehearsals. The prompter may well be one of the older boys or girls, who would also have to be present at many rehearsals. The music director doubtless would be the music teacher. The costume director would be the art teacher, who would also have general supervision over all the visual side of the pageant. The property director should be a teacher or perhaps an older

boy who has a distinct sense of order and system, as she (or he) it is who has to take charge of all the properties (listing them in a "property plot") and who sees that the right property gets to the right person. The property director also supervises the making and assembling of the properties, although he may do no actual making of any property. There would doubtless be assistants to the "property man," as this is a big task. The light director might be a boy with a special aptitude for electrical work. The dance director doubtless would be the dancing teacher. The recruiting director would be necessary where community and school cooperated, whose business it would be to recruit the cast from outside and to "keep tabs" on the presence of all participants at rehearsals. The rehearsals largely would be a classroom matter scheduled the same as other studies, but extra rehearsals would be necessary to suit the convenience of the older participants. These would also have to be scheduled systematically.

Then, on the executive side, there is a business manager, who supervises the expenditure of money and watches the budget or the sale of tickets, if admission is asked. A publicity director would see to the distribution of posters and other printed matter for the newspapers, etc., while the supervision of the program might well be within his province, this being made a distinctive and beautiful feature of the pageant. Whether or not these places could be filled by the older children would depend on the individual case.

The "front of the house" has to be considered also, such as the selling or distribution of tickets at performance, the distribution of programs and the ushering of the audience to their seats.

Many of these directors would have assistants, perhaps even a committee, who would reach out into the community for membership, thus uniting school and community in this phase of the pageant as well as in the performance of it.

Frequent "round table" conferences of all directors should be held so that all plans may be made as much as possible in common. Misunderstandings will thus be avoided, and a happy esprit de corps permanently established.

As the date of the pageant approaches, a mass meeting of school and community may be held, when reports on the progress of the pageant should be given, together with exhibits of costumes and properties and the singing of pageant songs or even the performance of one of the dances.

Should each act be given separately, before the giving of the pageant as a whole, as has been suggested, then the school and community could join in witnessing and participating in these preliminary performances.

If the pageant is given as an integral part of school work and not as an "extra curriculum" activity, the machinery of organization might well remain to serve a similar undertaking at some later date.

STAGE SETTING

The scene, as described in the opening paragraph of the pageant, is the ideal of what the scene should be, if resources permit. But in many instances painted scenery is not possible. In this case the following suggestions are given:

Hangings of a light color, such as buff, may be used for back drop and wings without any attempt at being realistic. The light-colored background lends cheer to the scene and helps to economize in the use of light, as dark backgrounds "eat up" the light. The hangings may be made of unbleached muslin dyed the right shade or of canton flannel.

Flat scenery without any attempt at decoration may also be used. This, too, may be made of unbleached muslin over frames lashed together.

The hollow tree may be made of wall board, painted to simulate a gnarled trunk of an oak tree. It should be well braced, so that it will not move. The foliage may be painted on wall paper and cut out to suggest branches, etc., and nailed to the top of the trunk.

The spring may be a deep, round pan, painted on the inside and outside a dark greenish brown. It should be set down deep in a pile of sand, while rushes and forget-me-nots (real or artificial) appear to grow about it. The sand must not rise too abruptly from the ground.

The ground should have stray leaves here and there, while saplings, little fir trees, and low bushes may be placed about the stage where they will not impede the action. Care should be taken, however, not to clutter the stage with bushes, etc. A few branches and trees placed judiciously will give the desired suggestion of out-of-doors.

The bench under the tree should be made of plain dark wood. It is without a back and long enough to accommodate two people very comfortably.

Unless the stage is quite large, it would be advisable to build an "apron" as a foreground to the stage. But if the apron (or platform) can not be built across the entire front of the stage, then a platform at Left and Right of the stage could be built, the tree and the bench being placed on the platform at the Right.

Steps should lead from the stage to the audience, preferably from both Left and Right.

Very helpful suggestions for stage sets and properties are given in "Shakespeare for Community Players" and in "Costumes and Scenery for Amateurs." (See Bibliography.)

ACTION—GENERAL

Experience as well as observation teach us more and more that the "educational method" sometimes used in training children for dramatic performances often leaves much to be desired, not alone in the dramatic action of the children but in the clarity and expressiveness of their speech. Left to themselves, children usually repeat the lines of a play or a pageant in an artificial manner and nearly always with indistinctness.

Children need to be guided in dramatic expression as carefully as in musical expression. They need to be helped to see the difference between natural, clear, expressive speech and hard, uninflected, slipshod speech. In the study of music, children from the beginning are taught to listen to the tones they produce on the piano or the violin, and to phrase with intelligence and sympathy the simplest of musical compositions. This same training to listen to one's tone should be given children who are taking part in a dramatic performance. But the method is somewhat different. To train children to distinguish between natural, clear speech and its opposite, the teacher must help them to analyze the meaning of what they say in relation to the scene as a whole and then to help them to feel what they are saying. For this reason it is sometimes wise to work out the "stage business" of a scene without giving the lines to the children. Then when the action and the reason for the action have been thoroughly grasped, the children may begin to learn the actual lines. They should be made to respond critically and appreciate a good performance to the same degree with which they respond to and appreciate good music and good pictures.

Through the right kind of dramatic training, indeed, serious defects of speech and bearing may be overcome. But this can not be done if the child is left to express himself entirely as he desires without any guidance whatsoever. By judicious suggestion he may be directed to choose the true method of interpretation without becoming self-conscious or "stagey." In fact, a child is helped to overcome self-consciousness when his thought is directed to the scene as a whole rather than to leave him to blunder through it as though he only were concerned. For just as the playing together of the many instruments in an orchestra, to give true pleasure, means the harmonious playing together of all, under one baton, so is the "playing together" of the actors in a play or pageant a harmonious bringing together of many voices, personalities, actions, and meanings into one fused impression, under the (unseen) guidance of the dramatic director.

There is, beside the educational value to the child of careful dramatic directing, the responsibility toward the audience. It should not be expected that the audience should be ignored, for it has a right to hear what is said and to get a true rather than a false interpretation of the play or pageant.

For these reasons, it is urged that the directing of the pageant be given the same expert supervision as any other branch of instruction.

The stage directions, as given in the text of the pageant, are from the actor's point of view, "Left" being the actor's left and "Right" being the actor's right.

Care should be taken not to overcrowd the stage. It is better to have too few than too many. Under the "Persons" in each scene, it is suggested how many should take part when the stage is only that of the usual school auditorium. But even these numbers may prove to be too many for some stages.

For the finale, where the recessional takes place, it is suggested that the school children who are not in the actual pageant be seated in the front rows of the audience, where they may join in at the end of the recessional. They should not start to sing, however, until they have mounted to the stage, where the pianist or leader of the orchestra will tell them when to come in on time.

Throughout the pageant none of the action should be hurried, but it is essential that cues be taken up quickly, unless there is some emotional reason why there should be a delay. The speech should be clear and unhurried. Frequent tests should be made, all through rehearsals, to see that the children are heard from every part of the auditorium. Moreover, in training the children to speak together, as is often the case, give certain children special speeches to say and so make the hubbub of voices appear to be spontaneous.

There should be a perceptible pause between the scenes unless Youth and the Old Woman take up the action where it left off after the others have gone out.

It is wise to rehearse the principals by themselves as well as with the ensemble actors, as the principals need more rehearsing than the others. The scene will lose its freshness and interest for those who have to stand round while a few are being rehearsed.

CAST—GENERAL

In casting the parts for the pageant, any method may be used which will insure a good performance when the actual time for the production comes. Whether this method be that of "try outs" by a committee, or whether it be

left to natural selection on the part of the children themselves, after having rehearsed several casts, is a matter to be left to individual taste. But from the beginning the children should be taught to feel their responsibility toward the audience, and to be willing to forego the playing of a part should their so doing help to make the final performance more harmonious. Such a policy would tend to lessen personal ambitions of the conceited, but it need not deter those who are ambitious to improve.

If more than one performance is given, there may be a different cast for each performance. This would include many more children in the active participation of the pageant and would give that many more the benefit of the dramatic training.

The adult parts may be played by teachers, parents, friends, or by high-school boys and girls, or by all these combined. As has been said, the more the pageant can become a part of the expression of the community, the more truly "educational" it will be.

The three children who play the parts of Mentor, Hector, and Psyche in "The Golden Age" will enact the parts of Roger, Henry, and Elizabeth in "The School of To-day." It is not necessary to attempt, except in a general way, to stress the resemblance of the other children in the different schools whom Youth believes to be his kindred, but the "kindred" might well play in the Greek and Renaissance scenes.

COSTUMES—GENERAL

As has been said, the designing and making of the costumes afford a most "educational" activity, since the work of so many classes may find a common meeting ground here. The more creative interest, therefore, that is expended on the costumes, the better. For this reason it would be well to dye as many of the costumes as possible. Not only will this be an educational matter, but it will tend to produce a far more harmonious color scheme than any other method, if care is taken to think out the color scheme as a whole rather than just scene by scene. Diamond dyes and the less durable dyes of which there are now so many on the market may be used. A room should be set apart for dyeing purposes, as this activity can not very well combine with any other.

The cheapest and most effective materials are crêpes, chambrays, sateens, voiles, calicoes, prints, canton flannels, and, above all, unbleached muslin. This last is not only very reasonable in price, but it hangs well and dyes well. It can also be painted. Before using it, however, it should be rinsed in clear water, then wrung out and left to dry in the folds. This makes it hang more gracefully. The same method may be applied to cheesecloth also.

Sandals may be made of canvas, denim, oilcloth, or leather; or soles of shoes may be used with tapes sewed to them. All the shoes, save those worn in the public school and The Little Red Schoolhouse, may be made of cloth.

For the necks of all the straight-piece garments, such as Chinese, Hebrew, Early Christian, and some of the Renaissance, a slit should be made and not a hole cut. On either side of the slit, which extends down the front a little, the shoulder line is cut. Care should be taken not to cut the neck too large.

Wigs should be worn in the Chinese (if possible), the Hebrew, Early Christian, Renaissance, and the Public-School scenes. If no wigs can be procured, then head coverings should be used to disguise the modern appearance of short hair.

LIGHTING—GENERAL

No specific "Light plot" is suggested, as this will depend largely on the equipment of each school. But in general the stage should be kept well lighted, so that there may be no difficulty in seeing what transpires. Should it be possible to have different colored lights and dimmers then it would be well to begin the pageant in a subdued light, a dim rose to suggest early morning, coming up to daylight rather early in the scene. When Ignorance's voice is heard the lights could dim and the scene could end in a somber light—dark blue, streaked with green.

It would be well, also, to suggest in the beginning of the Chinese and the Greek scenes that the hour was that of sunrise. In the Hebrew scene the blue light of dawn might be suggested at the beginning; and this, too, might be suggested with the beginning of the early Christian scene, coming up through the blues to rose color and thence to amber for daylight.

When Pallas Athena reveals herself, a spotlight might well cover her and remain on her and the group about her until the pageant ends, when it could fade slowly, being the last bit of light to be seen before the curtains close.

Excellent suggestions in regard to lighting are given in "Shakespeare for Community Players" and in "The Bible Play Workshop." (See under Bibliography.)

MAKE-UP—GENERAL

All make-up should be used with great care, especially with the children. The illusion of nature should be striven for, so that no more make-up should be used than is absolutely necessary.

In such scenes as the Chinese and the Hebrew, however, all the faces, arms, and legs should be tinted somewhat, the Chinese being a bit more yellow than the Hebrew. Mascaro in dry cakes of light brown (mixed with a touch of yellow for the Chinese) may be dissolved in water and washed on with a brush or a sponge, instead of using grease paint. This make-up is easily washed off.

In other than these scenes the faces of the children should be merely tinted with a little rouge (as even rosy cheeks look pale under artificial light) and the eyes and eyebrows slightly emphasized with a blue pencil and the lips touched up with a lip stick.

For the beards crêpe hair in all shades may be bought from any costumer or from drug stores (which also carry grease paint, Mascaro, powder, etc.). This hair comes in plaited ropes by the yard and is pulled to pieces and placed bit by bit on the chin and the cheeks, which have first been washed with spirit gum.

A cold-cream foundation is necessary to place on the skin before the application of make-up (save the Mascaro). The cold cream is rubbed in smoothly, then a coating of powder is applied, and next the rouge and liners, etc. The make-up is removed by cold cream and a cheesecloth towel.

Excellent suggestions for make-up, especially "character" make-up, are given in "Shakespeare for Community Players."

PROPERTIES—GENERAL

Here again is opportunity for ingenuity and invention in shop and classroom. Designs should be made and experiments tried to discover the best and most economical way of making the properties. Suggestions are given for the properties under the scene in which they are used, but other means may be devised for making them which would prove to be better than the ways suggested.

DANCES

Hebrew.—For suggestions for the movements of the young men and maidens on the way to the field, and the wine pressers, "The Dance of Miriam," Louis A. Chalif, 163 West Fifty-seventh Street, New York, will be found very helpful. The music, together with all directions for the dance, are given.

Greek.—It is impossible to know exactly what the pyrrhic dance was, but suggestions in regard to the probable movements and steps are to be found in the following:

(1) "Curiosities of Music." (See "Music.") A chapter on the dances of ancient Greece.

(2) "The Antique Greek Dance." Maurice Emmanuel. John Lane Co., New York, 1916. Very descriptive, profusely illustrated, giving sources, reasons for steps, as well as an analysis of the different steps. A scientifically accurate study.

(3) "The Dance." By An Antiquary. John Bale & Sons & Danielson, London, 1911. Chiefly helpful because of excellent illustrations.

(4) "History of Dancing." From the French of Gaston Vuillier. D. Appleton & Co., 1898. Excellent illustrations, names, and descriptions of the characteristics of the principal dances, not the actual steps. It would be very helpful in devising a dance.

(5) "History of Dancing." Reginald St. Johnston. Simpson, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent & Co., London, 1906. Origins of the dance.

(6) "The Discus Thrower," Greek solo dance arranged by Louis A. Chalif. This would be very helpful in devising the dance, as it gives the music and full directions for the steps.

Renaissance.—Pavane. This was the dance which was performed at court functions. It was very stately. Excellent suggestions for this are to be found in the following:

(1) "The Dance." By An Antiquary. (See "Music.") Helpful illustrations for the dance of the fifteenth century.

(2) "History of Dancing." From the French of Gaston Vuillier. (See "Music.") Excellent chapters on medieval dances. Profusely illustrated.

(3) "How to Dance the Revived Ancient Dances." Andern Holt. Horace Cox, London, 1905. Dances here given date from the Renaissance to modern times, giving steps, nomenclature, occasional text of music (music of a Pavane is given). It is illustrated.

(4) "Sarabande" (1672-1749). Old French Dance. Louis A. Chalif. Piano music and full directions for steps. This is an old court dance similar to the Pavane.

The School of To-day.—Helpful suggestions for the "Flower Garden Dance" may be found in "White Butterflies," by Louis A. Chalif. Music and full directions for steps are given.

For the Athletic Dance it is suggested that athletic movements and games, such as leapfrog and hurdling, be used as the foundation for the movements and steps of this dance. If a dance can not be performed, then an athletic drill to music should be given.

For the Dance of the Nine Muses, which is an integral part of the pageant, helpful suggestions will be found in "The Golden Age," a Greek group dance, by Louis A. Chalif. The music and full directions for steps are given.

MUSIC

For the "Overture" to the pageant it is suggested that the school children, who are to be seated in the front seats of the audience, enter, singing some

appropriate school song. If this can not be done, then portions from the overture to "Orpheus and Eurydice" of Gluck would be suitable, or any classic music which places the audience in a quietly attentive mood.

For general suggestions regarding ancient music, "Curiosities of Music" (Louis C. Elson, Oliver Ditson Co., Boston, 1908) would be very helpful.

Hebrew.—Ancient Hebrew music has come down to us largely through the traditional airs in both Jewish and Christian hymnals. If, therefore, the psalms are not chanted (spoken, rhythmically, in unison), as suggested in the text, then the following hymns may be substituted. They are to be found in the Union Hymnal for Jewish Worship, published by the Central Conference of American Rabbis, 1914. These hymns should be sung in unison, unaccompanied, save by the (apparent) strumming of the kinnor (harp) or the tamborine, which, to be perfectly correct historically, should have no metal disks in the frame. The action could remain similar to that suggested in the appendix (under "Hebrew Education"), when the psalms are either sung or chanted.

For the young men and maidens on their way to the field (Song of Thanksgiving), Hymn 165.

For the young men and maidens on their way to the wine presses, Hymn 77.
For the end of the scene, when all leave the stage, Hymn 202.

It would also lend a poetic touch if Ephraim, the Elder, could teach the children the Hebrew "Sh'ma," which is the statement, in song, of the great Mosiac commandment, "The Lord thy God is one God." This is to be found in the Union Hymnal, Hymn 228.

For those familiar with the Hebrew tongue, appropriate music could well be chosen from "Famous Traditional Hebrew Melodies," with text in Hebrew, arranged by Martin Greenwald. Academic Music Co., New York, 1915.

Greek.—The few fragments of Greek music which have been discovered by antiquarians have been transcribed and arranged by many musicians to suit the modern ear. An excellent arrangement of a very appropriate fragment for the Pyrrhic Dance is "Prosodion," a majestic march song, to be found in "Altgriechische Musik," arranged by A. Thierfelder, Breitkopf & Härtel, New York. The Greek and German words are given in this arrangement, which would enable the boys to sing as well as dance, which would be truer to history than to have them dance only.

If, however, it is not feasible to use the ancient music, it is suggested that a modern piece be used for the dance which has the classic quality. See under "Dances" for a suggestion in regard to this.

Early Christian.—For the Gregorian chant it is suggested that "Salve Mater Misericordiae" be used. This may be obtained from McLaughlin & Reilly Co., Boston (100 Boylston Street), in sheet music form at a nominal price. The chant should be sung with a light, swinging rhythm. Usually the Gregorian chants are sung too heavily. A phrase should swing along with very little accent save a slight accent on the accented syllable. There should be a slight crescendo on the up scale and a slight diminuendo on the down scale with a retard at the close. The chanter might well give those very directions to the boys as he instructs them in the chant. The chant might be repeated once before the boys leave the stage; then, as they leave, the verse could be taken up again.

Renaissance.—For the Pavane, see "Dances."

For the old ballad, sung by Leonora, as they all leave the stage, the following songs are suggested. Any one of them would be appropriate.

(1) "Sebben Crudele" (Though not Deserving), Canzonetta (Antonio Caldara, 1671-1733), in "Anthology of Italian Song," published in Schirmer's Library of Musical Classics, vol. 290. G. Schirmer, New York, 1894.

(2) "La Rondinella" (The Swallow), an old Tuscan song in "Songs of Italy," coll. by Eduardo Marzo. G. Schirmer, New York, 1904. (Two verses would be enough.)

(3) "Star Vincino" (To be near the Fair Idol), Arletta (Salvator Rosa, 1615-1673), in "Early Italian Songs and Airs," Vol. I, edited by Pietro Florida. Oliver Ditson Co., Boston, 1923.

Little Red Schoolhouse.—"London Bridge is Falling Down," sung by the children, unaccompanied.

The School of To-day.—For the entrance of the children at the beginning of the scene, "America the Beautiful." Two verses. To be found in any school songbook.

For the "Opening Song of the School Pageant" (see text), any May Day or Spring Song to be found in the school songbook would be suitable. One verse would be enough.

For accompaniments to the dances, see under "Dances."

For the recessional, "Pomp and Circumstance," by Elgar, or any classic march which is capable of being repeated ad lib.

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